

AGATHA CHRISTIE

DEATH ON THE NILE

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ILLUSTRATED BY SOLIDOR



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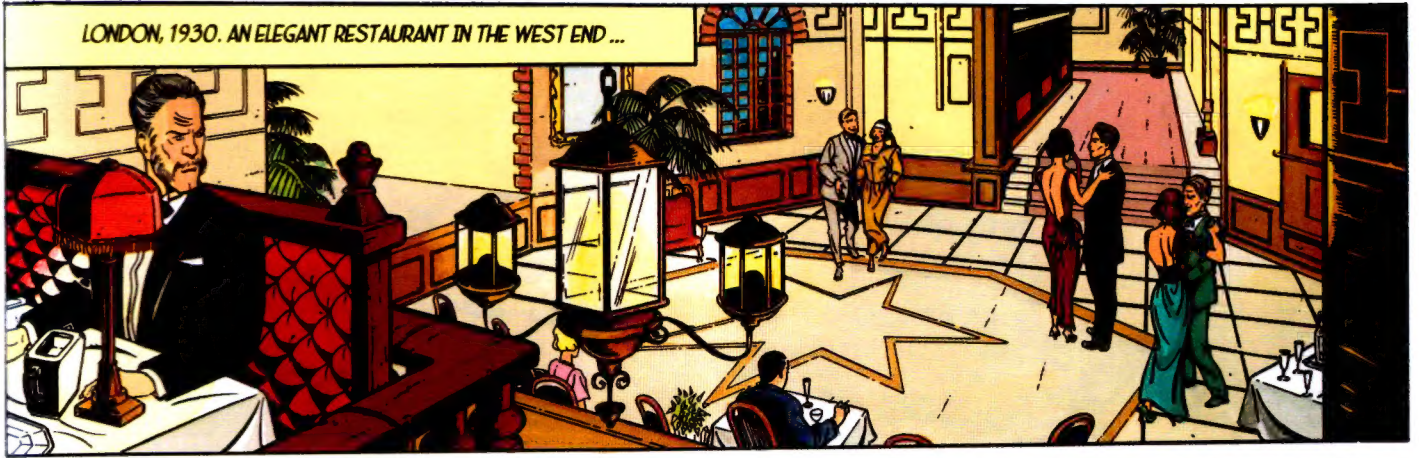
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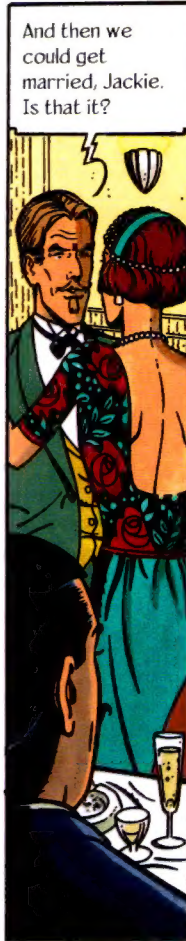
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LONDON, 1930. AN ELEGANT RESTAURANT IN THE WEST END ...



Me, a manager? Do you really think so?

Of course, Simon darling! Please say yes! My friend Linnet Ridgeway has a marvellous estate — and you do want to start earning again!



And then we could get married, Jackie. Is that it?



Oh, darling! Do say yes! It's a dream job! I phoned Linnet yesterday and it's all agreed!



But my dearest, I don't need a manager!

He has just lost his job, Linnet!



Oh, Linnet! Please do this for me! If I don't marry him, I'll die!



You can be so ridiculous, Jackie! Alright. Bring along your young man and let me have a look at him.



You'll finally have a job, Simon. We'll spend our honeymoon in Egypt, and hang the expense!

You adorable little fool!

Ah! Egypt ...



I love you so much, my adorable Simon!



You love him a bit too much, *ma petite* ...

EGYPT ...



THE WHARF AT ASWAN ...



Look Tim! Isn't that the famous Hercule Poirot on the quay?



What on earth is that nosy parker doing here?



What? Give me the binoculars, mother! Quickly!



And look! There's Linnet Ridgeway. She's beautiful — and extremely rich!

Really? Do you know her?



Huh? No, not at all! She's a friend of Joanna. All the newspapers wrote about her marriage. What's her husband's name?



Linnet Ridgeway and Simon Doyle. He has married the richest woman in England, Mr Poirot!

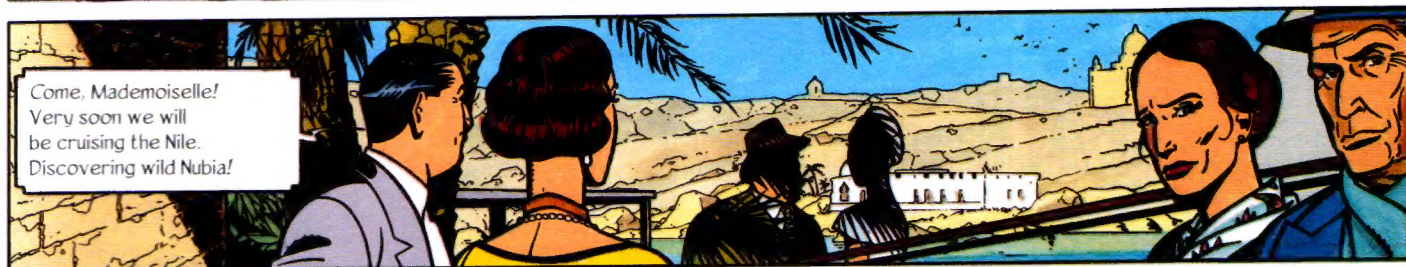
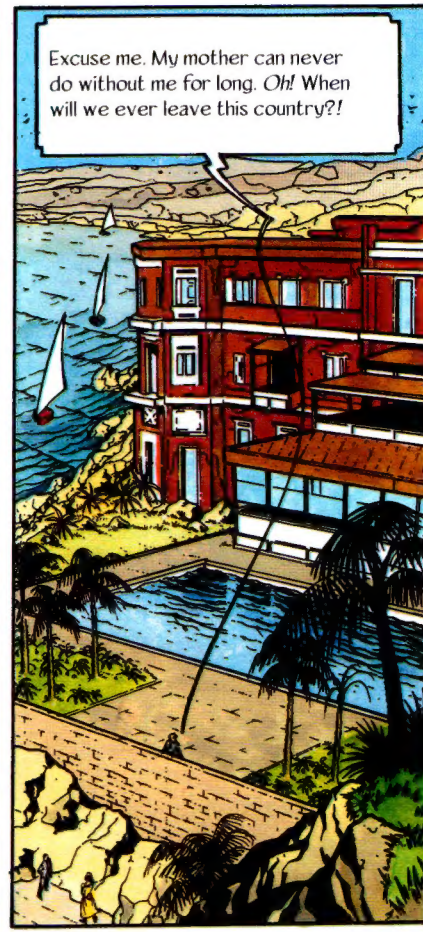
I have seen this young man before ... But where?

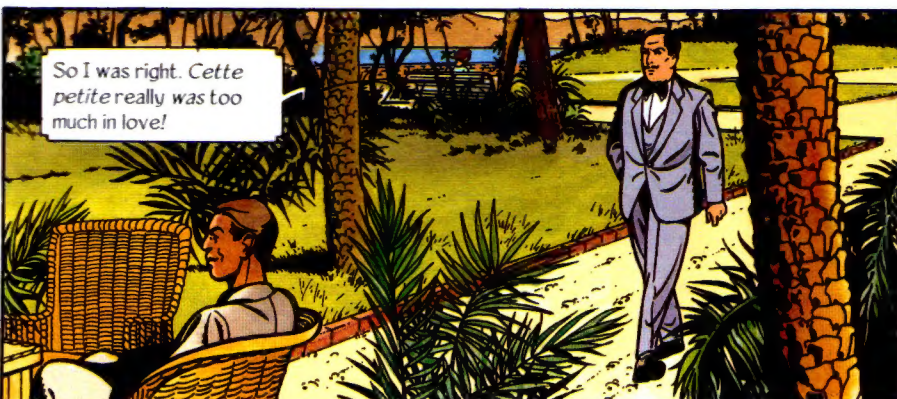
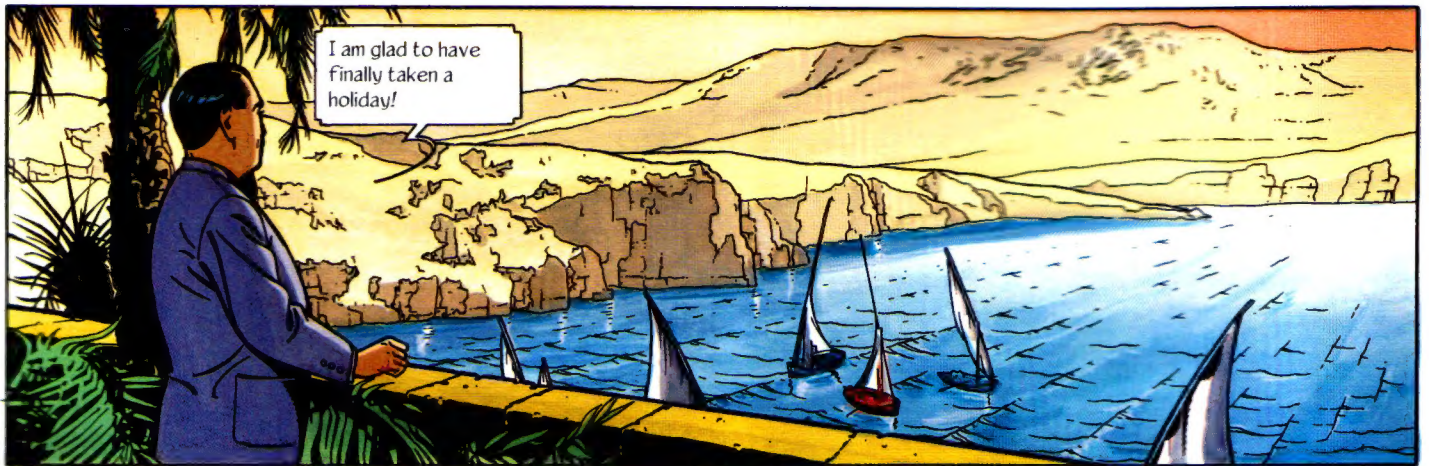


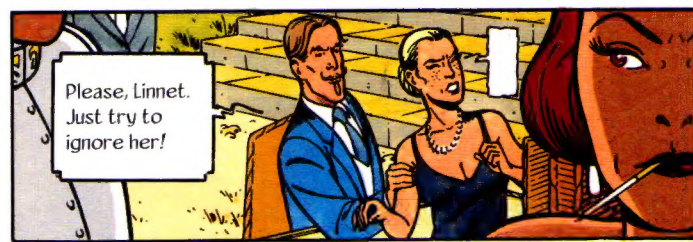
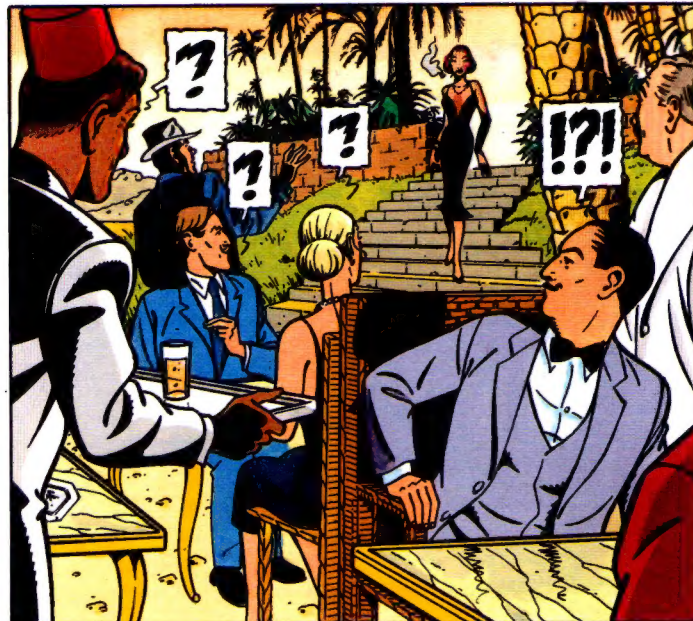
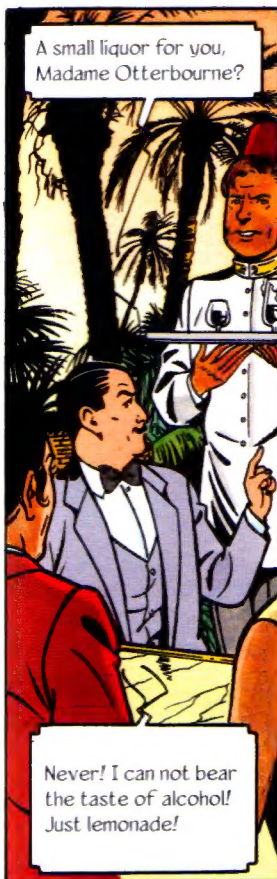
So much beauty and so much wealth! It's really very unfair!

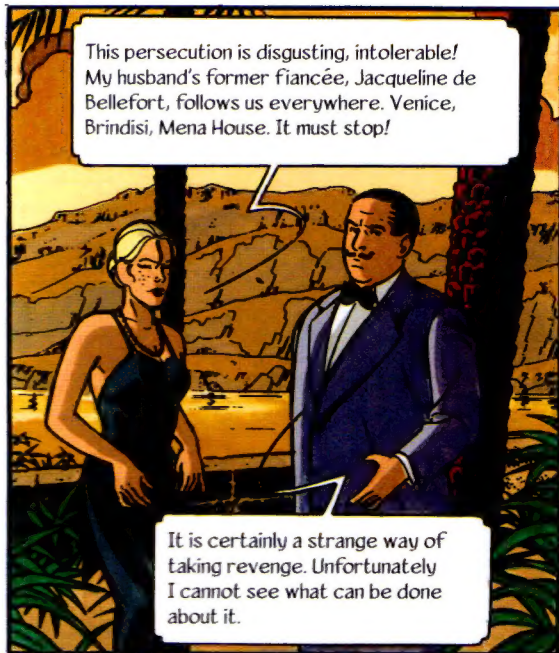


I hate her!



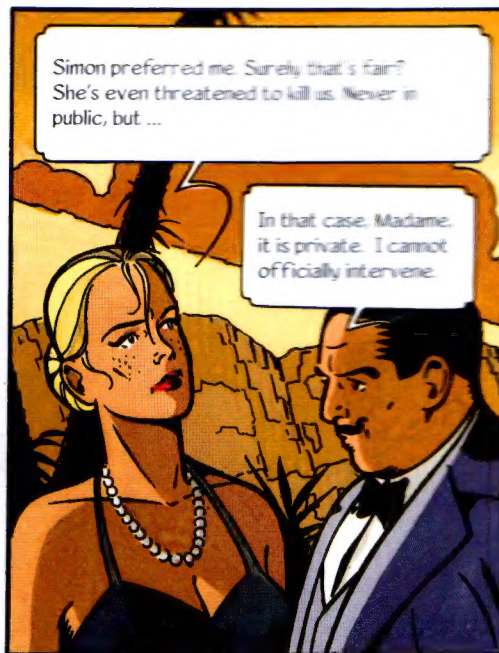






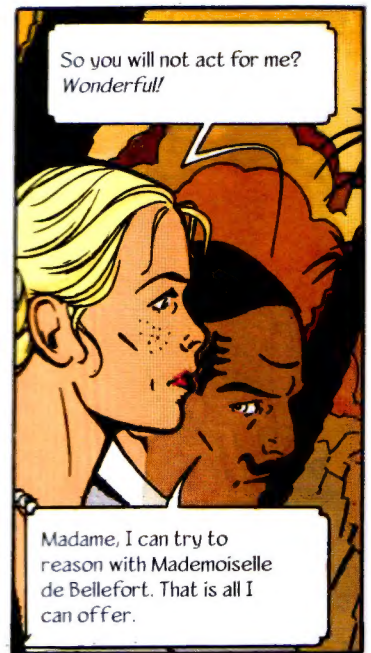
This persecution is disgusting, intolerable! My husband's former fiancée, Jacqueline de Bellefort, follows us everywhere. Venice, Brindisi, Mena House. It must stop!

It is certainly a strange way of taking revenge. Unfortunately I cannot see what can be done about it.



Simon preferred me. Surely that's fair? She's even threatened to kill us. Never in public, but ...

In that case, Madame, it is private. I cannot officially intervene.

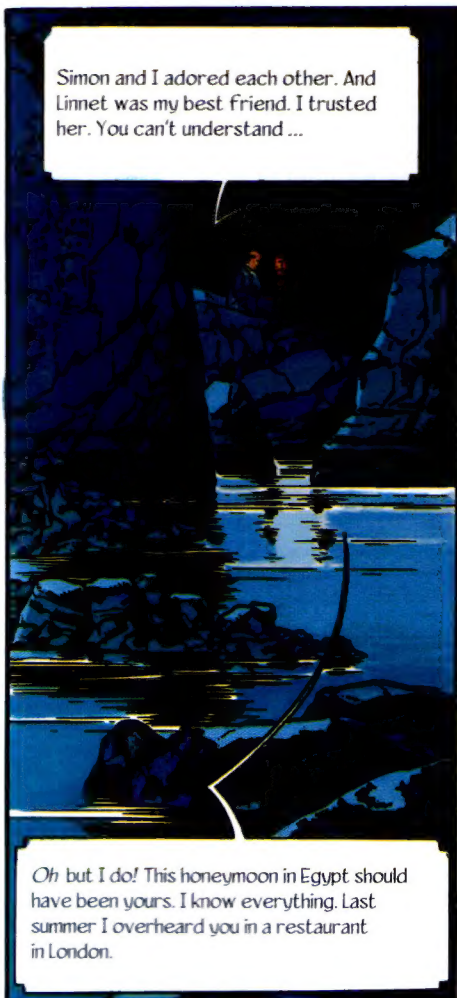


So you will not act for me? Wonderful!

Madame, I can try to reason with Mademoiselle de Bellefort. That is all I can offer.



"Surely that's fair?" I am not so sure. But I will speak to her ...



Simon and I adored each other. And Linnet was my best friend. I trusted her. You can't understand ...

Oh but I do! This honeymoon in Egypt should have been yours. I know everything. Last summer I overheard you in a restaurant in London.



Mademoiselle, I am speaking to you as a friend. Forget the past. You're only prolonging your suffering.

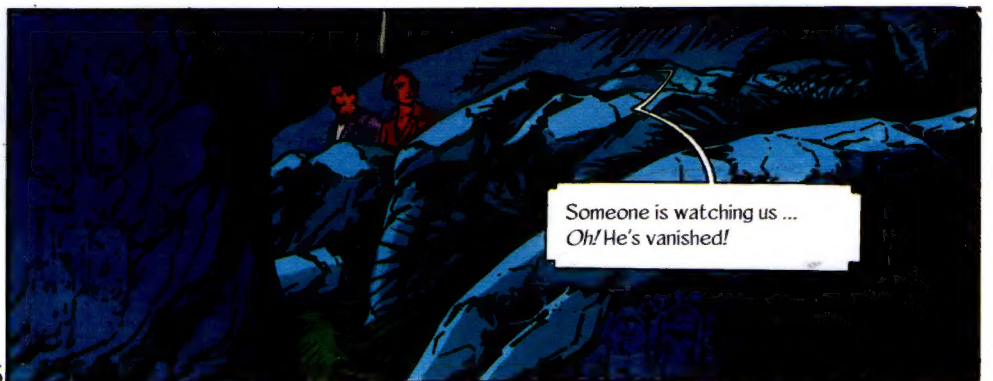
She dazzled and enchanted him. And he betrayed me. He'd better be careful!



Nice little thing isn't it? Who would think this little toy could kill? I'm quite a good shot ...



Mademoiselle, I beseech you! Do not let this evil grow in your heart!



Someone is watching us ... Oh! He's vanished!

ASWAN, THE NEXT MORNING ...

Good morning, Mr Poirot!
Mind if I stroll with you?

Please do!

Did you, er ... manage to
calm Jackie, Mr Poirot?

I fear not,
Monsieur Doyle.

She's a little devil! I'd understand if she were to do something
dramatic. But all this following me around ... it's *indecent*!

It is intelligent — a very subtle revenge.

Well, we've decided to outsmart her. Tomorrow at
Shellal, we'll take the steamer, the *KARNAK*, to Wadi
Halfa. By the time she realizes it, it'll be too late. She'll
think we've gone back to Cairo!

I will be on the *KARNAK*
myself!

Oh! Er ... I don't want you to
feel obliged ...

Do not worry, Monsieur Doyle. I always
prepare my trips well in advance ...

By the way, who is that
middle-aged man travelling
with you?

Pennington? He's Linnet's
American businessman. We ran
across him by chance in Cairo.

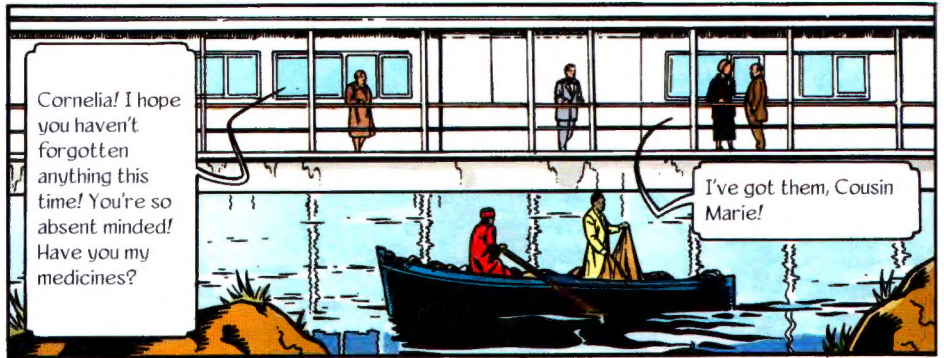
He boarded the *CARMANIC* in
New York just before Linnet's
letter reached him informing
him of our marriage, which he
knew nothing about.

What a
coincidence ...

... the
CARMANIC!

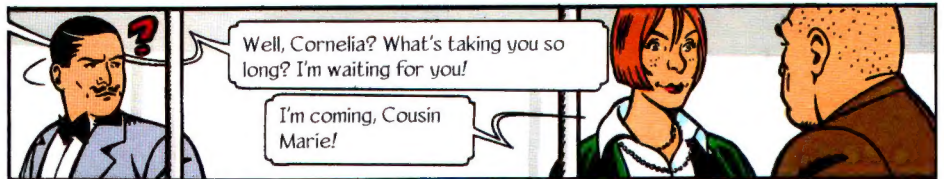


THE PASSENGERS BOARD
THE KARNAK FOR A SEVEN
DAY CRUISE TO SHELLAL ...



Cornelia! I hope
you haven't
forgotten
anything this
time! You're so
absent minded!
Have you my
medicines?

I've got them, Cousin
Marie!



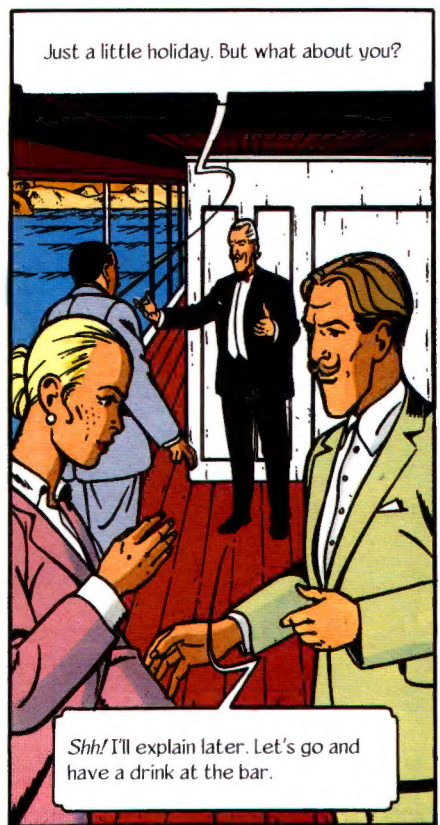
Well, Cornelia? What's taking you so
long? I'm waiting for you!

I'm coming, Cousin
Marie!

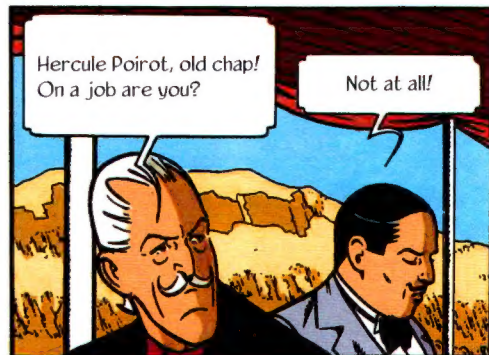


Hello!

Colonel Race! What a
surprise!



Just a little holiday. But what about you?



Hercule Poirot, old chap!
On a job are you?

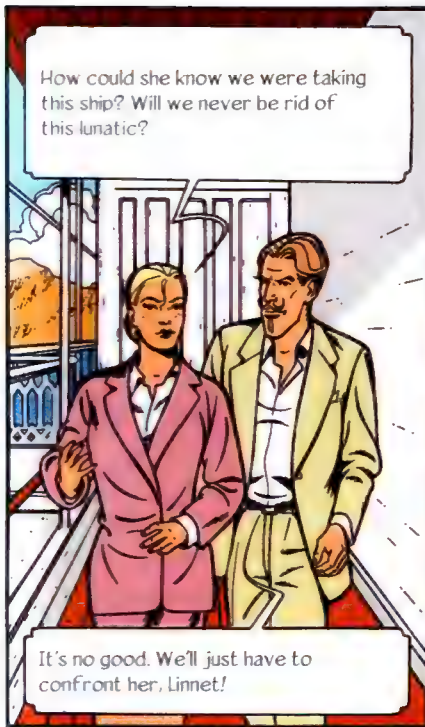
Not at all!

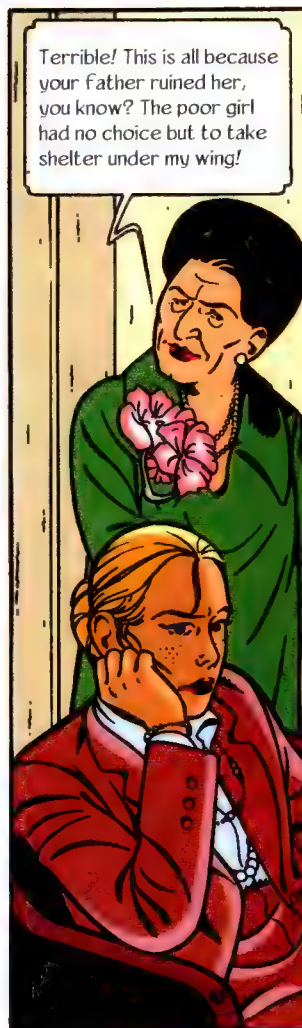


Finally, Linnet!
We've lost her!
Ah! The whole
wide world just
for us! But ... oh!

For God's sake!

Fancy
seeing you
here, my
darling
Simon!





THE ABU SIMBEL TEMPLE ...

This one must be Amon and the other one Rameses.

It is very impressive, Monsieur Pennington!

CORNELIA!!!

Give me my umbrella, please!

What a delightful surprise for you to see young Linnet here ... and married!

Madame Doyle told me you travelled over on the *CARMANIC*.

I did ...

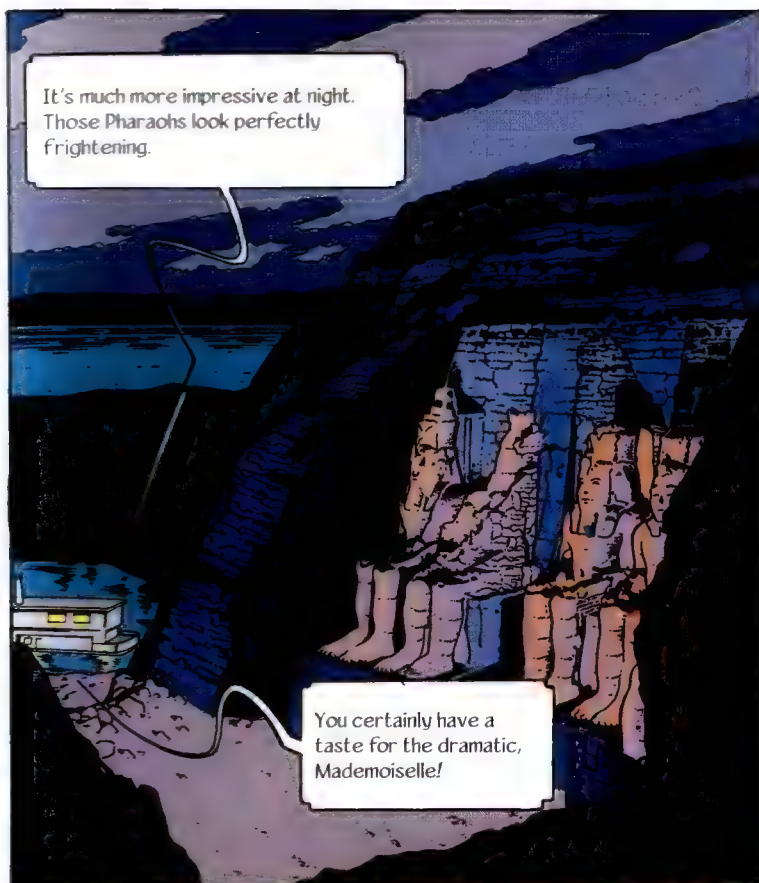
Doesn't this place leave you speechless?

Indeed. She wrote to me in New York but I was already on my way to Cairo, so our meeting was completely unexpected.

These Pharaoh fellows are quite sinister, frankly. There's something uncanny about them. Let's get out.

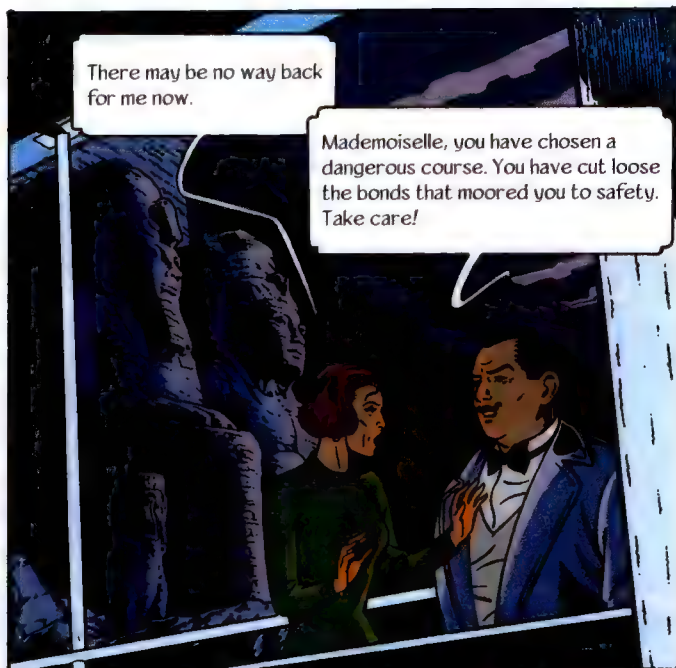
I agree, Simon, it's all rather oppressive ...





It's much more impressive at night. Those Pharaohs look perfectly frightening.

You certainly have a taste for the dramatic, Mademoiselle!



There may be no way back for me now.

Mademoiselle, you have chosen a dangerous course. You have cut loose the bonds that moored you to safety. Take care!



Too late, Mr Poirot. One must follow one's own star, wherever it leads. Good night!

Good night, Mademoiselle ...



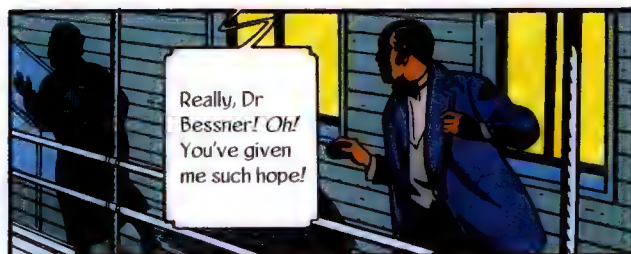
What a lovely evening, Miss ... Cornelia. May I call you Cornelia?

Of course. It certainly is a peaceful evening, Dr Bessner.

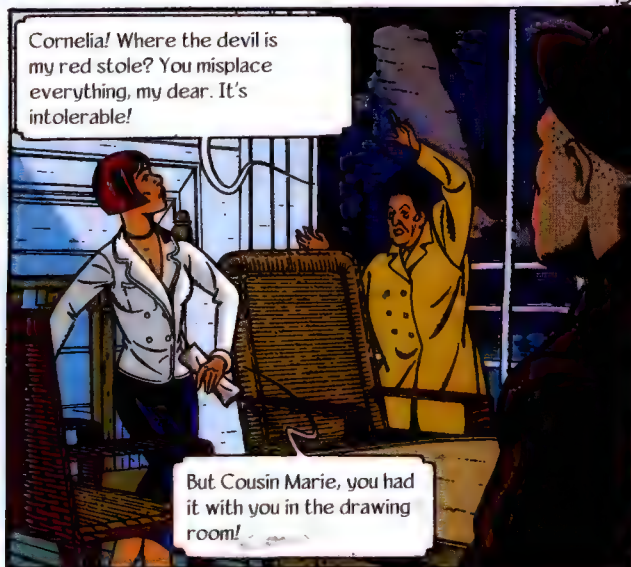
I didn't know you were a nurse, Cornelia. I have a clinic in Zurich. If at any time you're looking for work, I would be delighted to help you ...



CORNELIA!!!

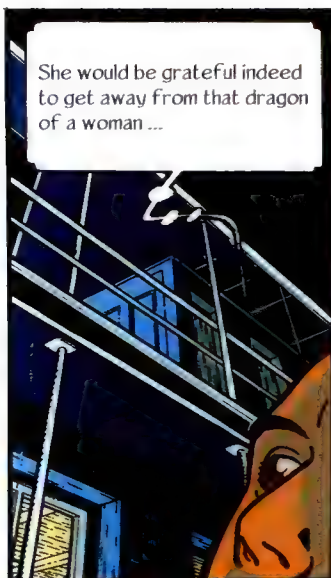


Really, Dr Bessner! Oh! You've given me such hope!



Cornelia! Where the devil is my red stole? You misplace everything, my dear. It's intolerable!

But Cousin Marie, you had it with you in the drawing room!





How sweet! See how the wealthy Linnet has stooped so low to embrace the pathetic Simon!



I'm going to bed! Are you coming, Simon?

Not right away. I won't give her the satisfaction ...



I'm pretty sleepy myself. Good night, Doyle!

I'll come with you ... Good night, Simon.



Miss Robson! Let's drink to "everlasting love". Have you ever been in love?

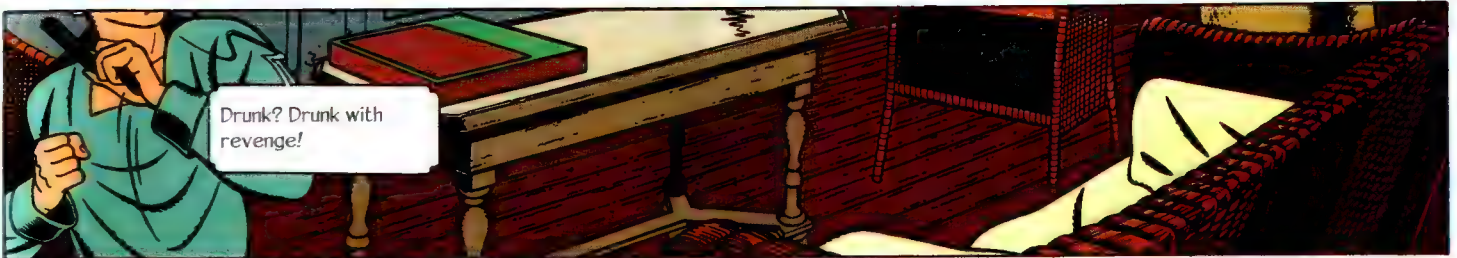
Stop making a spectacle of yourself, Jackie!

I'm off to bed ...



Do stay! I bet you love a sad story. I have one that would bring tears to your eyes!

You're drunk, Jackie.

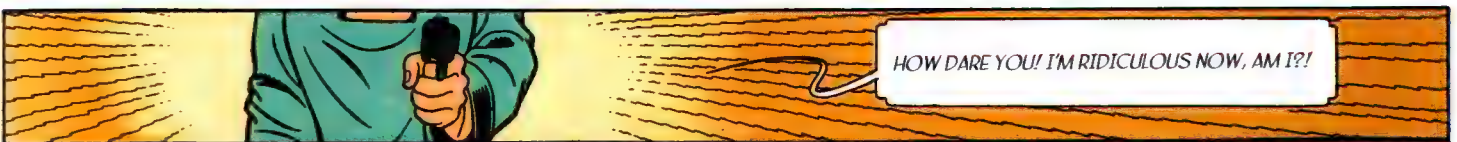


Drunk? Drunk with revenge!



This is your last chance — leave her, or I'll kill you!

Don't be ridiculous, Jackie!



HOW DARE YOU! I'M RIDICULOUS NOW, AM I?!







My God! What have I done? I wish I were dead - I'll kill myself!

Miss Robson, take Jackie to her cabin and don't leave her for a second till she calms down!



Let go of me! I'm a miserable wretch!

Come with me, please ...



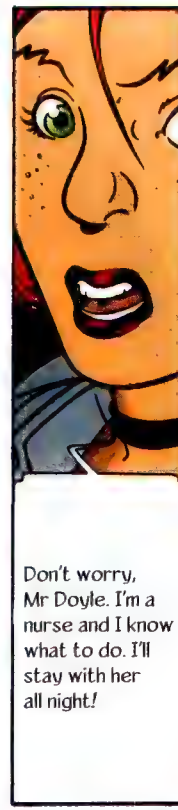
Get her out of here, Miss Robson. After that, can you go and look for the doctor!



I'll jump over-board. I WILL DROWN MYSELF !!!



She's quite capable of it! Please don't leave her alone!



Don't worry, Mr Doyle. I'm a nurse and I know what to do. I'll stay with her all night!



I'LL THROW MYSELF INTO THE WATER! I'M NOT FIT TO LIVE! OH SIMON - SIMON!



KEEP QUIET! WILL YOU PLEASE SHUT UP!

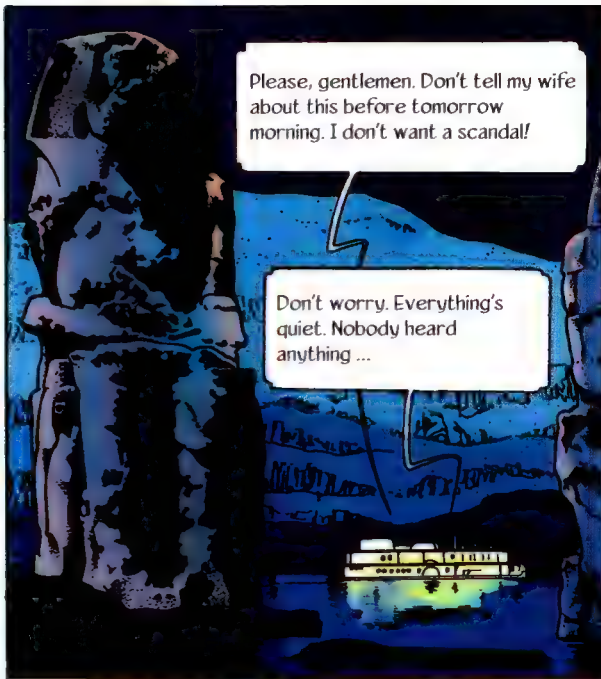


Hold her still. I'm going to give her some morphine.



Hurry up! That poor fellow is losing blood fast! I must go and call Dr Bessner ...





Please, gentlemen. Don't tell my wife about this before tomorrow morning. I don't want a scandal!

Don't worry. Everything's quiet. Nobody heard anything ...



This is serious, Allerton. His bone is fractured! Come on, my boy! Help me carry Mr Doyle. I'll take care of him in my cabin.



Poor Jackie! I'm the only guilty party in this! I treated her very badly!



It's as I thought. I must make you a splint till we can get you operated on in Alexandria.

AAAA!



Allerton!
The gun!
We can't leave it lying around ...



I'll go and find it!



... Good!
Now I'll give you an injection so that you can sleep peacefully, my friend.



Dr Bessner, the pistol has disappeared!!!



WHAT?!

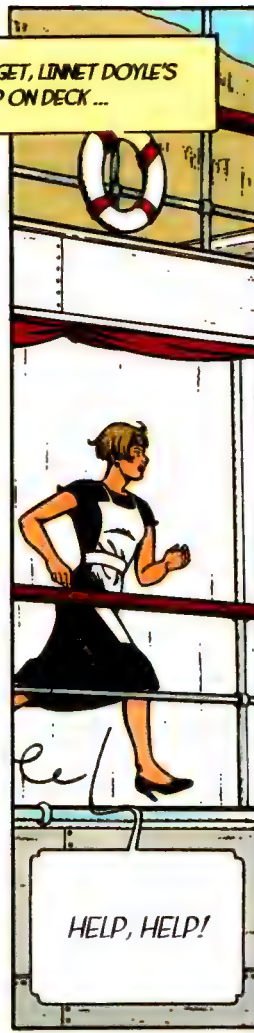


Mrs Linnet.
Mrs Linnet!
Wake up!!!



AAAAA!

PANIC-STRICKEN, LOUISE BOURGET, LINNET DOYLE'S
FRENCH CHAMBERMAID, RUNS UP ON DECK ...



HELP, HELP!

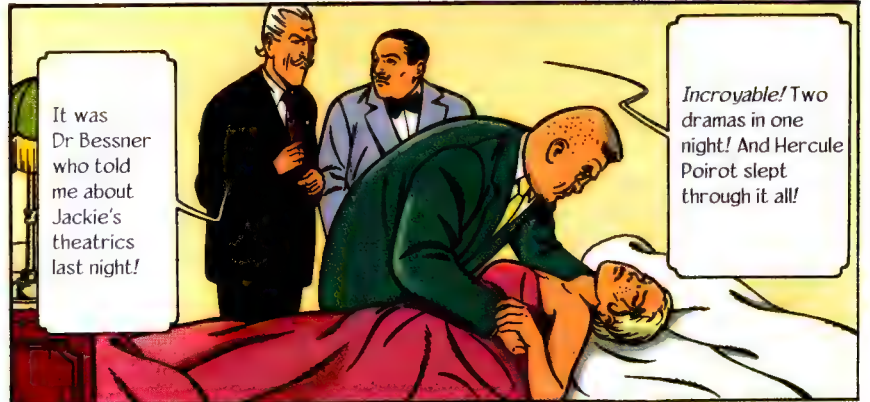


So, my instinct was quite correct,
Colonel Race. It has happened!

I've some slight official standing — so
they've put this in my hands. Can I count
on your help?



Of course,
my friend.



It was
Dr Bessner
who told
me about
Jackie's
theatrics
last night!

Incroyable! Two
dramas in one
night! And Hercule
Poirot slept
through it all!



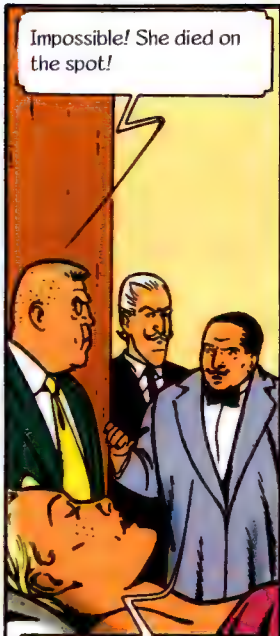
She was killed at point blank
range. Given the wound and
the powder burns, I'd say
it was a very small bullet,
a .22 calibre ...



Nom d'un Nom! What is this
over here?

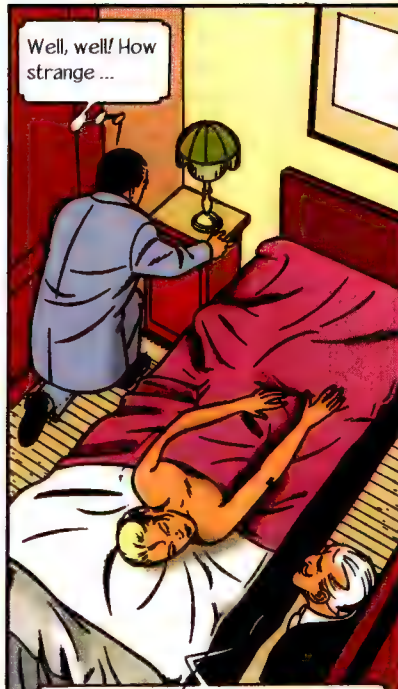


J for Jacqueline de Bellefort!
The victim named her murderer.



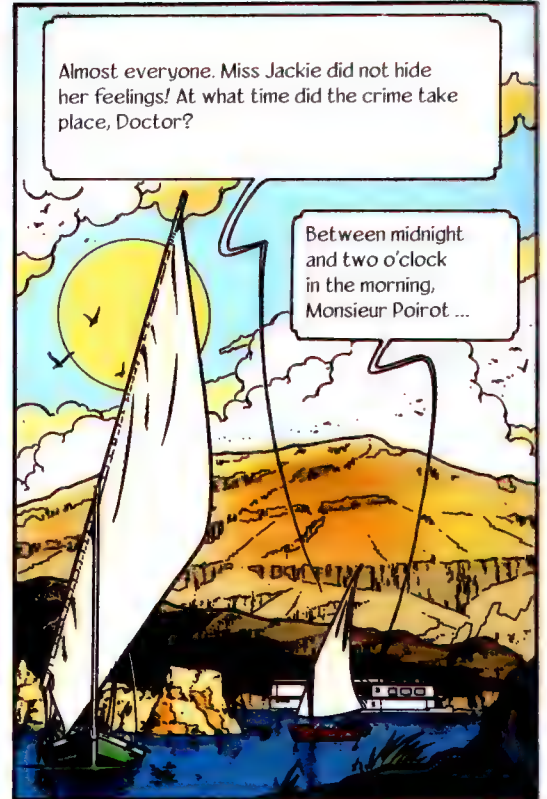
Impossible! She died on the spot!

The murderer knew that Jackie hated Linnet, so he has used a silly trick to incriminate her.



Well, well! How strange ...

So let's get the facts straight — who knew about their quarrel?



Almost everyone. Miss Jackie did not hide her feelings! At what time did the crime take place, Doctor?

Between midnight and two o'clock in the morning, Monsieur Poirot ...

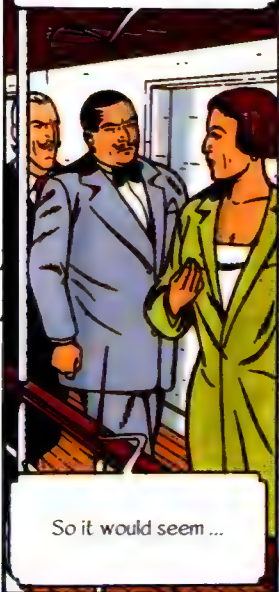


At least he is not hiding in the bathroom ...

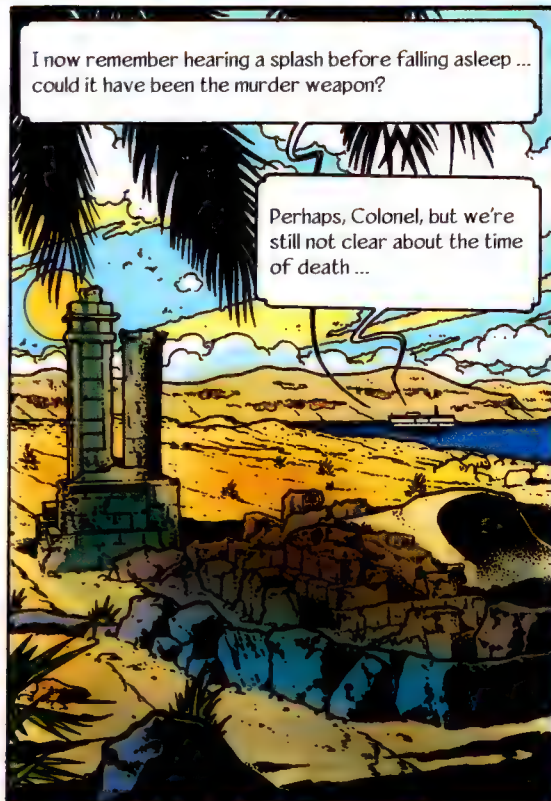


I'll ask them to place the body in one of the ship's cold rooms ...

We can already clear three people of suspicion: Doyle who was injured, and Jackie and Miss Robson, who were together the whole night.



So it would seem ...



I now remember hearing a splash before falling asleep ... could it have been the murder weapon?

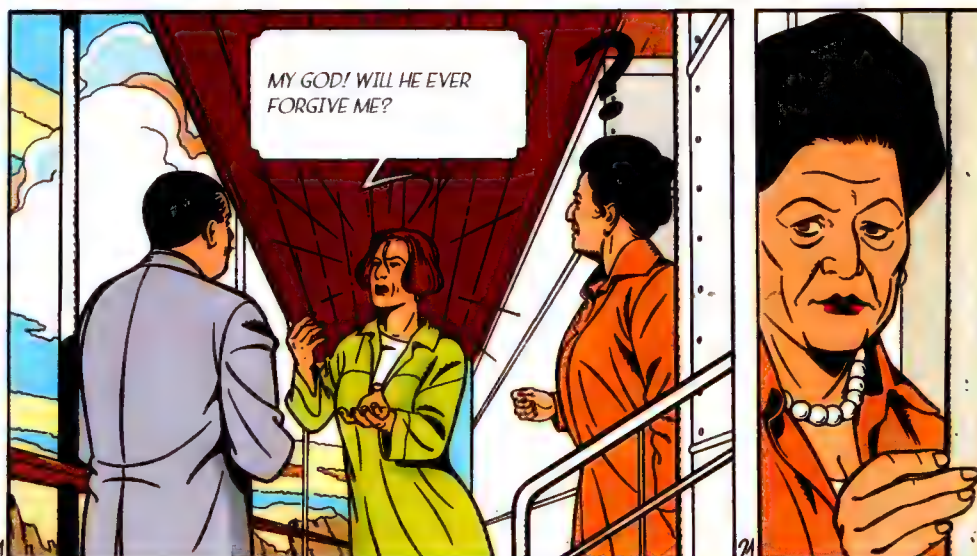
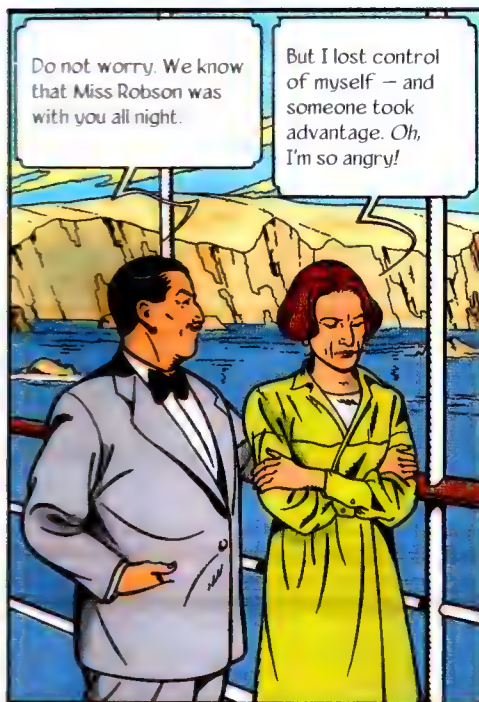
Perhaps, Colonel, but we're still not clear about the time of death ...



I didn't kill her. I swear it!
Last night in my madness I could have killed Simon. But not her, not in cold blood!



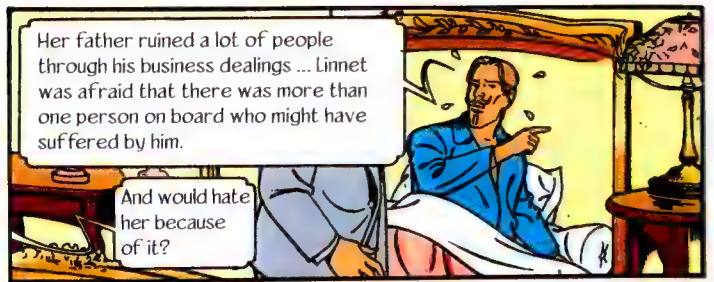
I believe you. I do not think you are capable of it!





I'm sorry if I seem emotional ...

I'm terribly sorry to question you under these circumstances, Mr Doyle. But I understand your wife had many enemies.



Her father ruined a lot of people through his business dealings ... Linnet was afraid that there was more than one person on board who might have suffered by him.

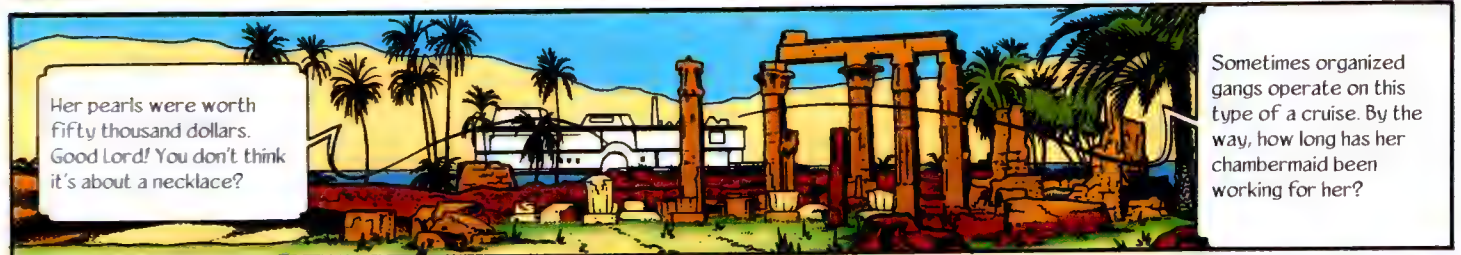
And would hate her because of it?



She thought she was surrounded by enemies. But she was probably exaggerating. Jackie's persecution had shattered her nerves.



Hmm ... One more thing: did your wife have any expensive jewellery?



Her pearls were worth fifty thousand dollars. Good Lord! You don't think it's about a necklace?

Sometimes organized gangs operate on this type of a cruise. By the way, how long has her chambermaid been working for her?

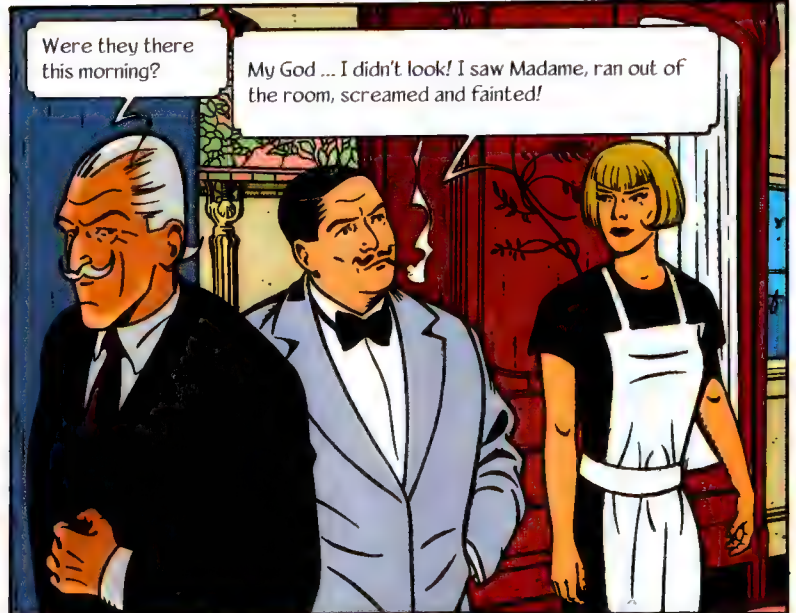


Barely two months. You don't think ...?

Should I call for her?



The pearls? When I helped Madame undress, she put them on her bedside table, as she did every evening.



Were they there this morning?

My God ... I didn't look! I saw Madame, ran out of the room, screamed and fainted!



So you noticed nothing? Fortunately, I keep my eyes peeled — and there was no necklace on the table this morning!

I didn't take it!



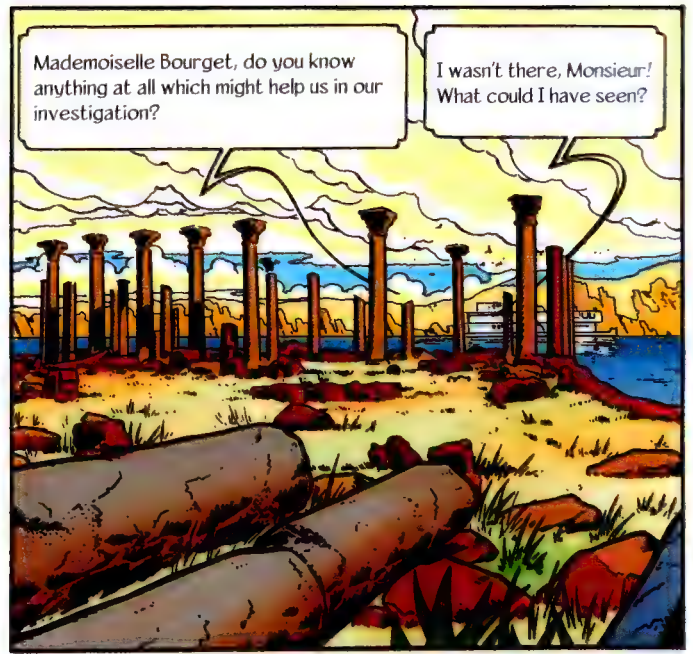
I've references that prove I'm an honest girl! I'm no thief!

We shall see, Mademoiselle Bourget.



Excuse me gentlemen. I have to treat my patient.

We will not be long, Doctor ...



Mademoiselle Bourget, do you know anything at all which might help us in our investigation?

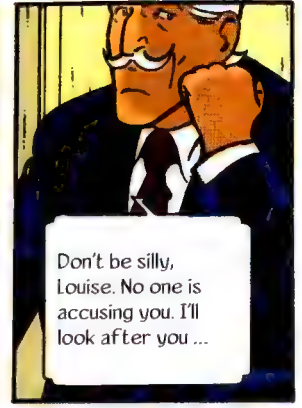
I wasn't there, Monsieur! What could I have seen?



Perhaps if I had been unable to sleep, if I had gone up on deck, maybe I might have seen the assassin entering Madame's cabin ...



But as it is ... that's all I know ...



Don't be silly, Louise. No one is accusing you. I'll look after you ...

ON THE TERRACE, ON DECK ...



I get the impression that Louise Bourget knows more than she admits to!

What if she's part of a band of jewel thieves, Poirot?



Let us suppose the motive was theft. There are others who would be attracted to Linnet's fortune ...

No coffee, thanks.



I bet you're thinking of Pennington ...

Surely it was no accident that you decided to step in during that signing session ...

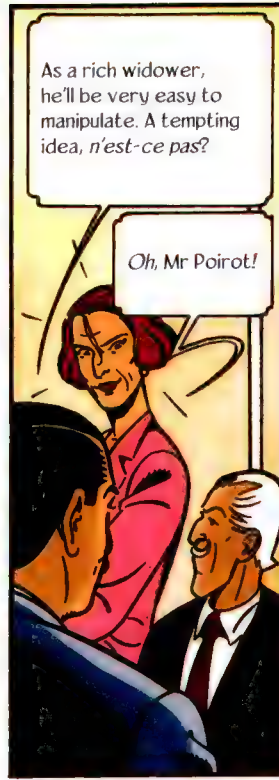


Right! I'm convinced Pennington's on the make — and I was afraid he was getting her signature to cover up the money he's stealing.



Linnet was not a woman to just sign anything. But her husband, on the other hand ...

Indeed, I remember his words: "If someone asks me to sign, I just sign."



As a rich widow, he'll be very easy to manipulate. A tempting idea, *n'est-ce pas?*

Oh, Mr Poirot!

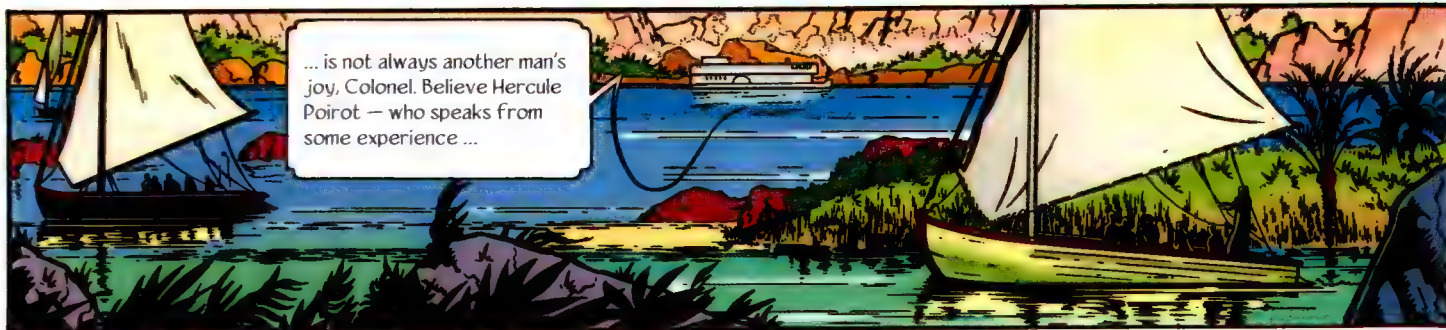


Dr Bessner told me that Simon wants to see me. He's forgiven me! You can't imagine how relieved I am!

That's good news, Mademoiselle!



As they say, one man's sorrow ...



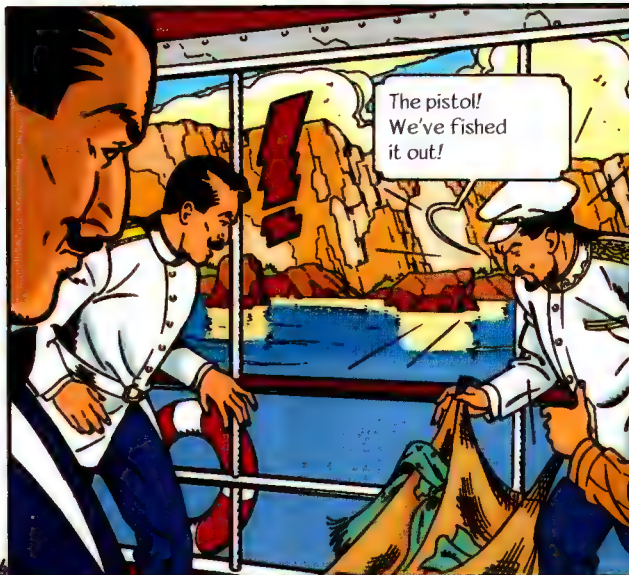
... is not always another man's joy, Colonel. Believe Hercule Poirot — who speaks from some experience ...



Effendi! Effendi! Come quick!



Success Colonel! We've found it!

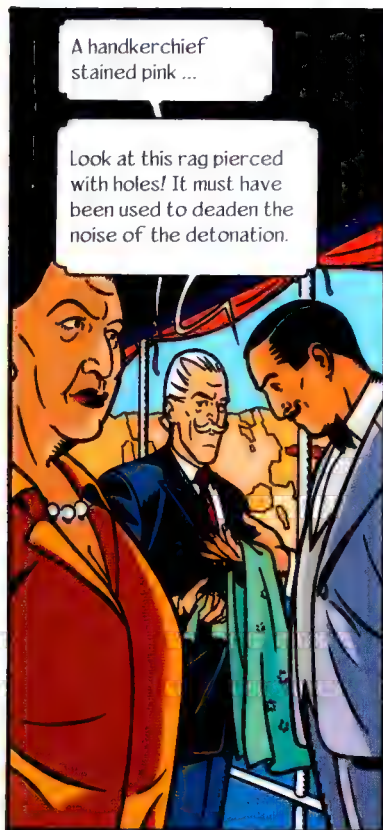


The pistol! We've fished it out!





It is the weapon that Jacqueline de Bellefort showed me the other night at the hotel. Two shots fired ...



A handkerchief stained pink ...

Look at this rag pierced with holes! It must have been used to deaden the noise of the detonation.



So my Damask stole is a rag, is it?

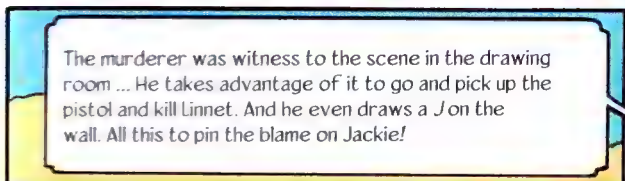


DAMASK, EH?

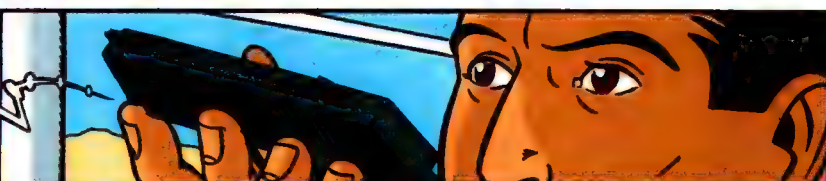


A rag! *Humph!*

Miss van Schuyler! It's a piece of evidence. Give it back to me!



The murderer was witness to the scene in the drawing room ... He takes advantage of it to go and pick up the pistol and kill Linnet. And he even draws a J on the wall. All this to pin the blame on Jackie!

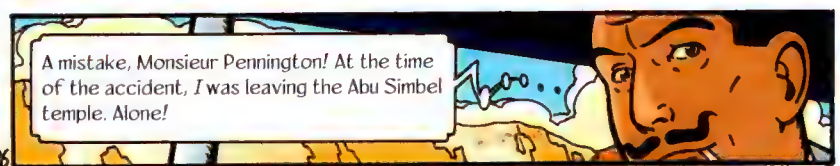
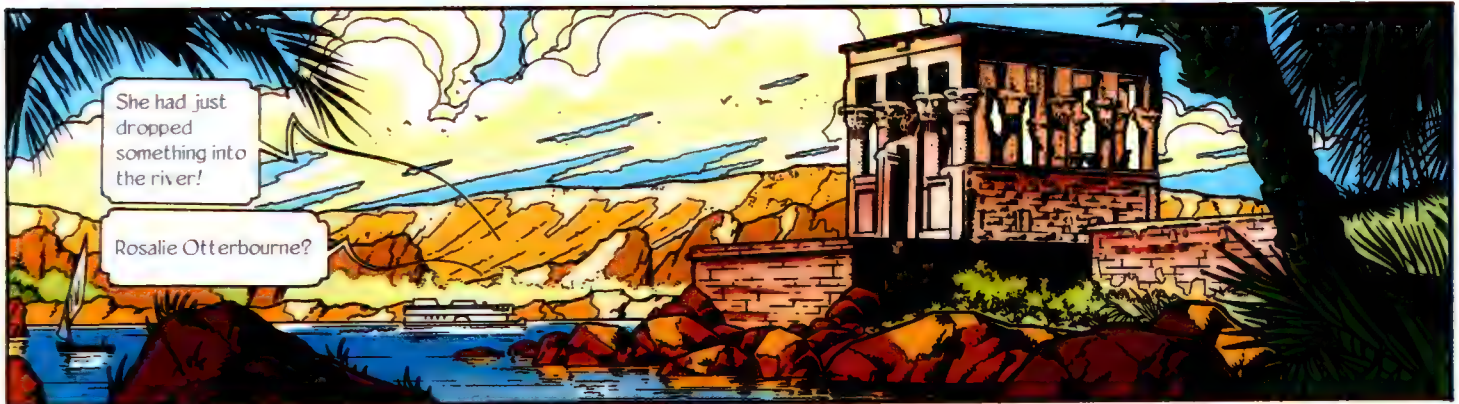


But then, instead of leaving the pistol — the most damning evidence against Jacqueline — he throws it into the water!



Nom de nom de nom! Who is mocking Hercule Poirot? This story makes no sense!





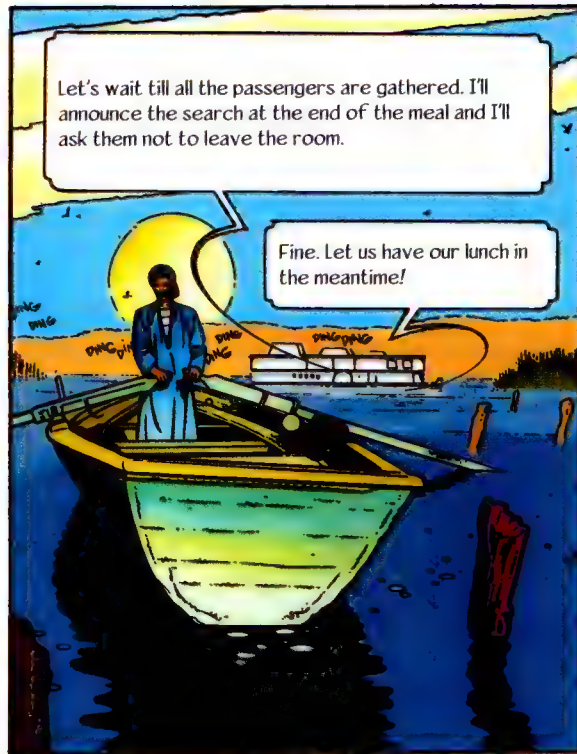


Ladies and Gentlemen! Lunch is served!



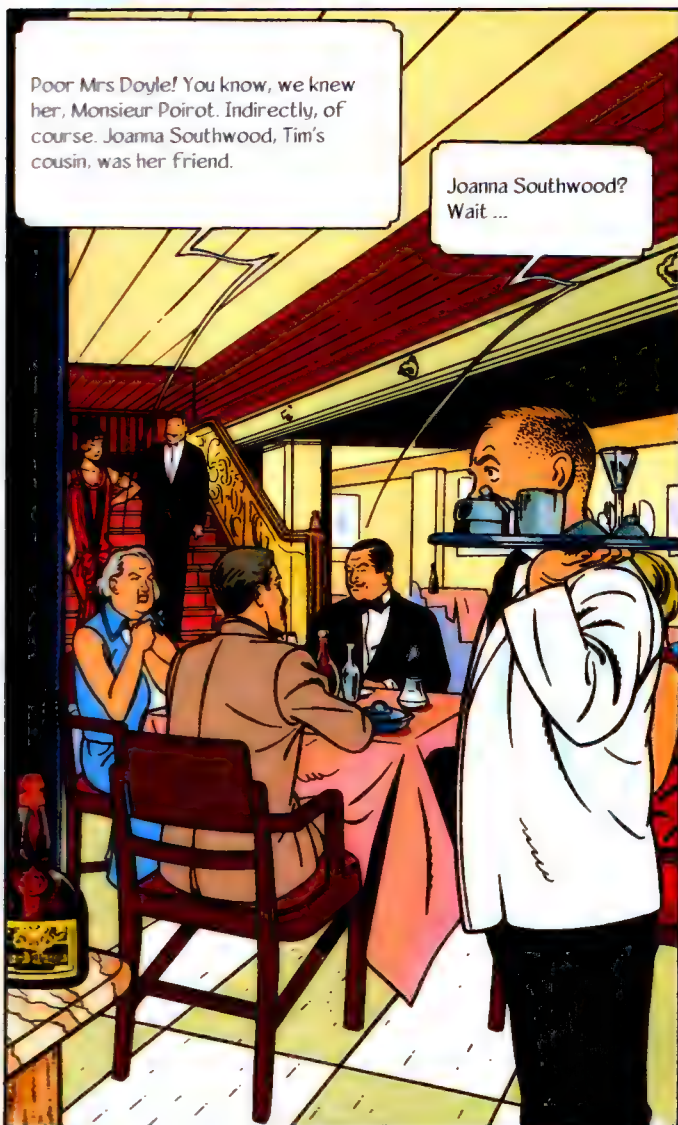
I have interrogated Rosalie Otterbourne. She fiercely denies having thrown anything whatsoever into the Nile.

Well, obviously, Colonel. How about we take advantage of the theft of the necklace to inspect the cabins?



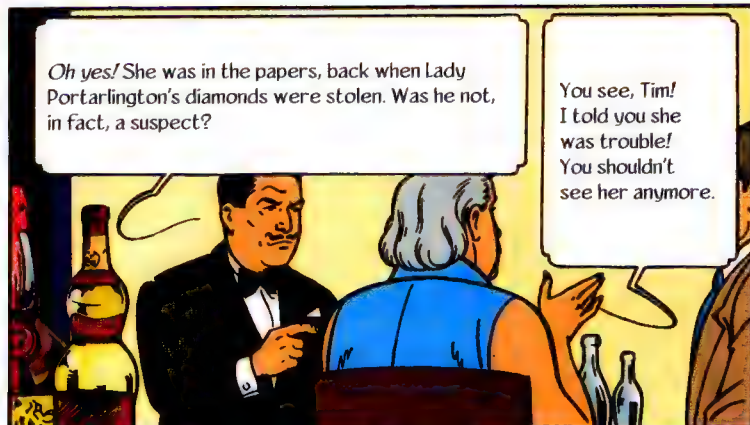
Let's wait till all the passengers are gathered. I'll announce the search at the end of the meal and I'll ask them not to leave the room.

Fine. Let us have our lunch in the meantime!



Poor Mrs Doyle! You know, we knew her, Monsieur Poirot. Indirectly, of course. Joanna Southwood, Tim's cousin, was her friend.

Joanna Southwood? Wait ...



Oh yes! She was in the papers, back when Lady Portarlington's diamonds were stolen. Was he not, in fact, a suspect?

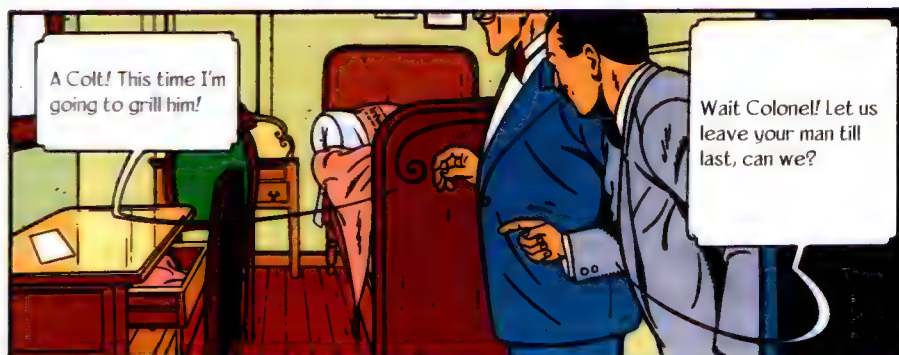
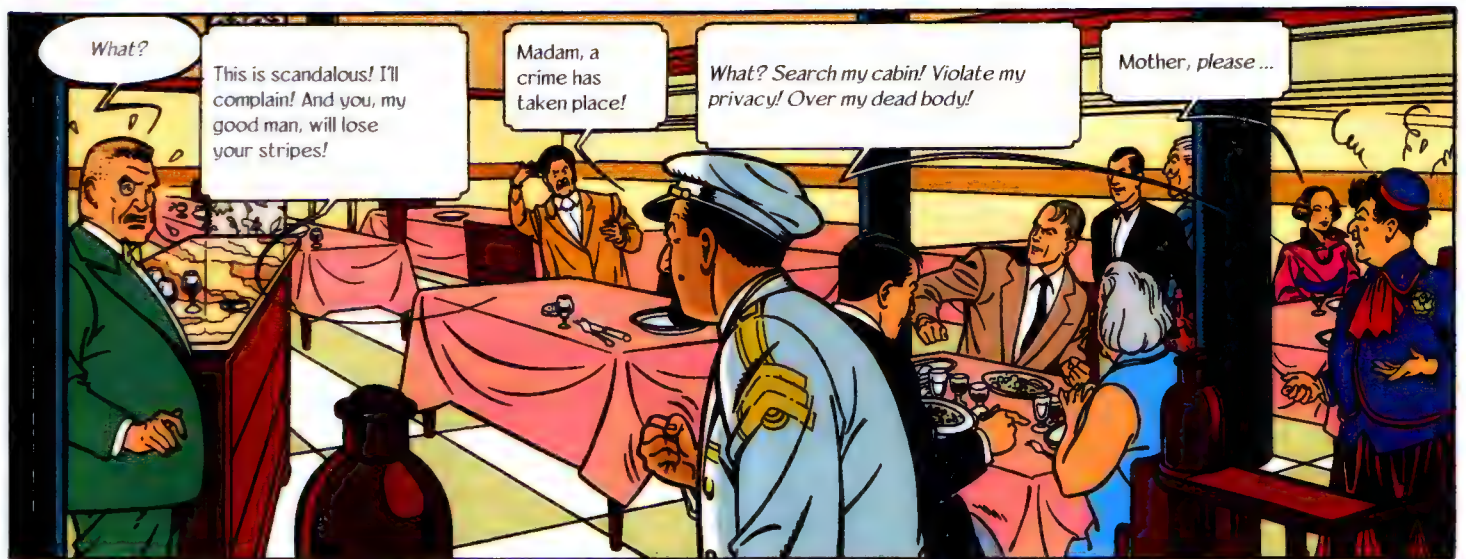
You see, Tim! I told you she was trouble! You shouldn't see her anymore.



Oh, don't be a bore! I was there at that famous party when they discovered that the diamonds around her neck were fakes!



Indeed. They had been substituted some weeks earlier.





Now for Madame Otterbourne. Could our inspired novelist have something to hide from us?



Ah ha! An artist's love of the bottle, if nothing else!



That explains the lady's maddening exhilaration ... Eh?!

Excuse me, gentlemen.



Miss van Schuyler was right, Colonel. I did throw something overboard. But not a revolver.



We've guessed, Miss. Liquor bottles?

Please, gentlemen, can I count on you to be discreet? My mother is very fragile!

Don't worry, Miss Rosalie. Now go back to the drawing room.



COLONEL RACE!

Must be tough for that young girl!



Look what we've discovered in this young lady's cabin. In her handbag!

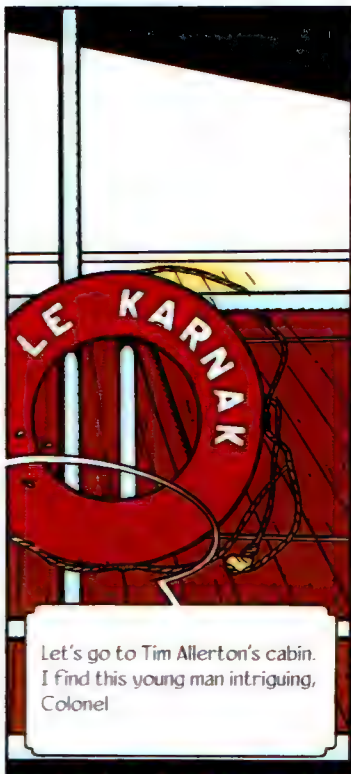
GOOD GRIEF!!!



Heavens above! I really thought she was above suspicion!



Small calibre ... mother of pearl grip ... the same little plaything! Bizarre ...

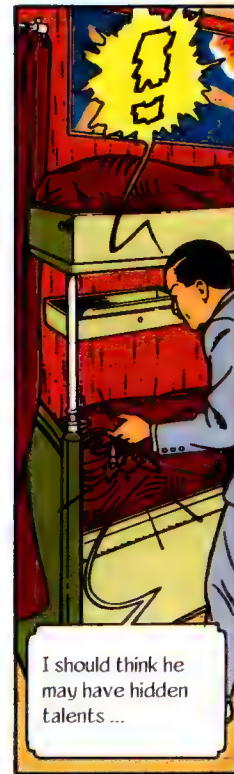


Let's go to Tim Allerton's cabin.
I find this young man intriguing,
Colonel

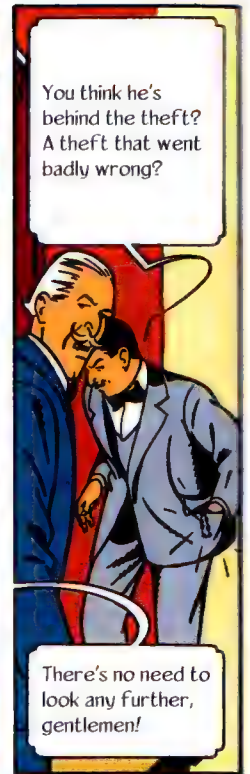


Young Allerton, an art
lover! Who would have
thought so?

Ha! One wouldn't think to
look at him, but the boy has
money to spare ...



I should think he
may have hidden
talents ...



You think he's
behind the theft?
A theft that went
badly wrong?

There's no need to
look any further,
gentlemen!



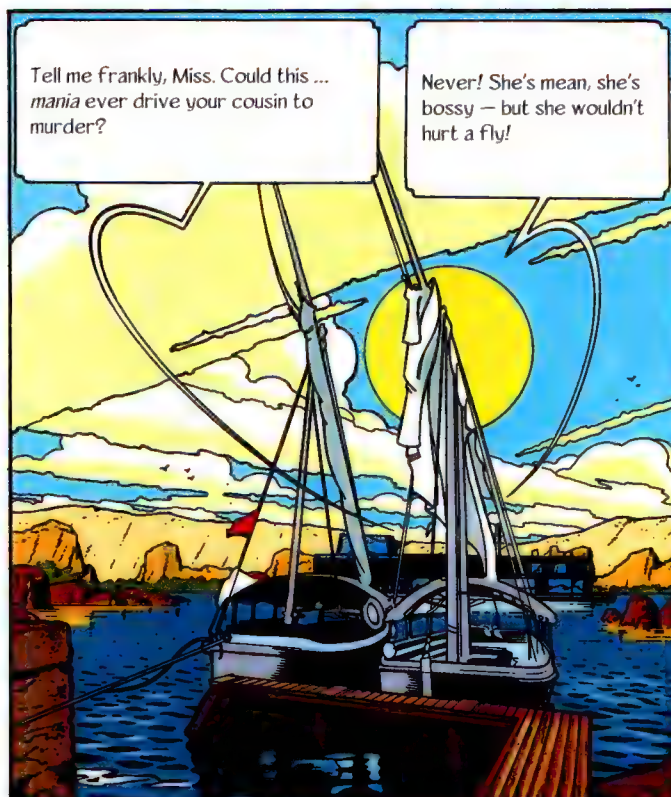
Under the circumstances,
I think I should return you these.

YOU!



My cousin, Miss van Schuyler, is not
well. She takes things. Especially jewellery.
I found the necklace this morning in her
stockings. Imagine my embarrassment ...

We are grateful to you for your
help, Miss Robson.

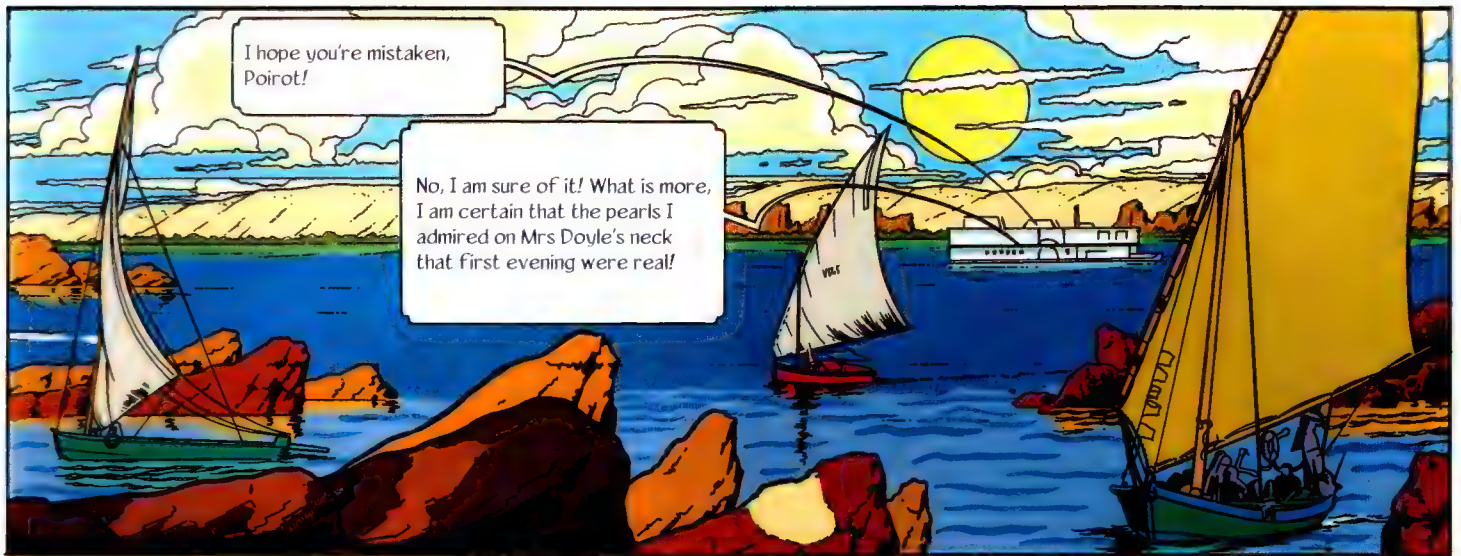


Tell me frankly, Miss. Could this ...
mania ever drive your cousin to
murder?

Never! She's mean, she's
bossy — but she wouldn't
hurt a fly!

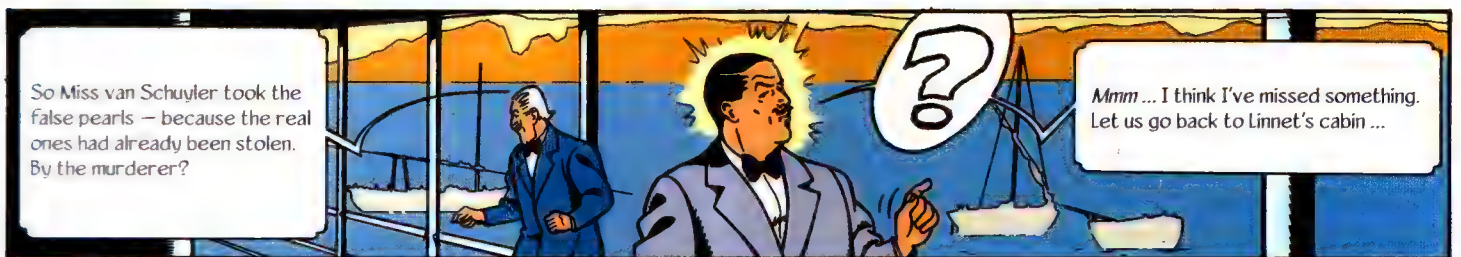


Sadly, my friend, our
work is not yet over.
These pearls are fake ...



I hope you're mistaken, Poirot!

No, I am sure of it! What is more, I am certain that the pearls I admired on Mrs Doyle's neck that first evening were real!



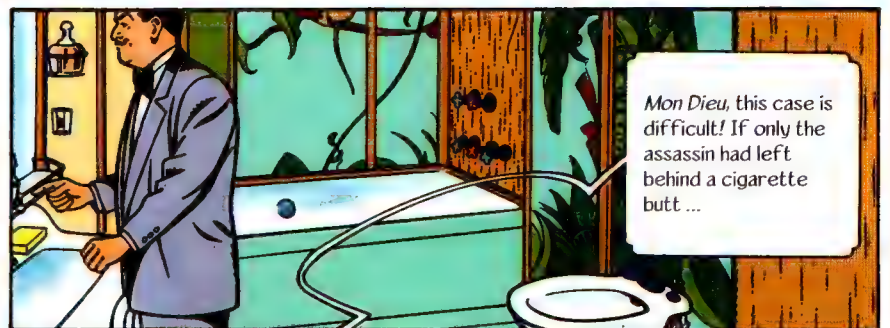
So Miss van Schuyler took the false pearls — because the real ones had already been stolen. By the murderer?

Mmm ... I think I've missed something. Let us go back to Linnet's cabin ...



We know that Miss van Schuyler entered this cabin to steal the pearls. Is it possible she also took away the murder weapon?

Perhaps she recognized her stole around the gun, got scared, and threw the whole lot into the water to be safe?

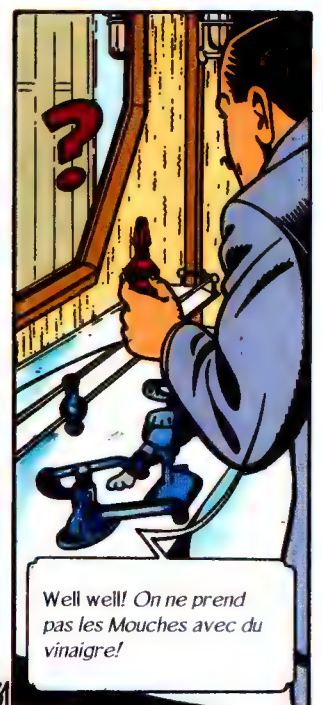


Mon Dieu, this case is difficult! If only the assassin had left behind a cigarette butt ...

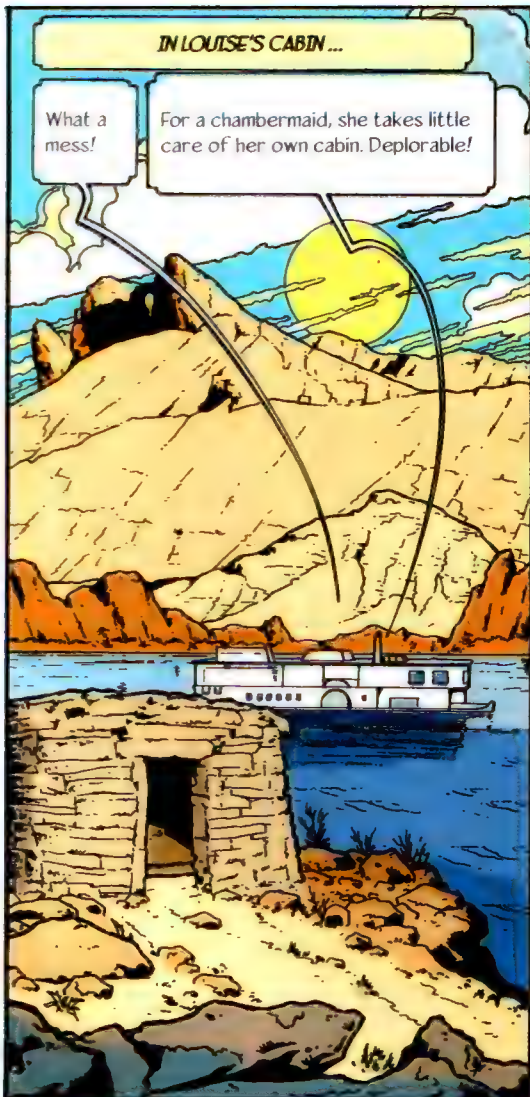
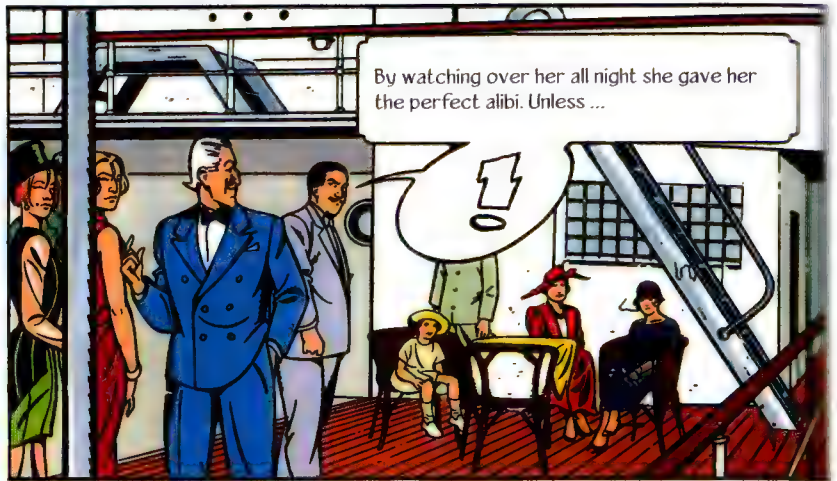
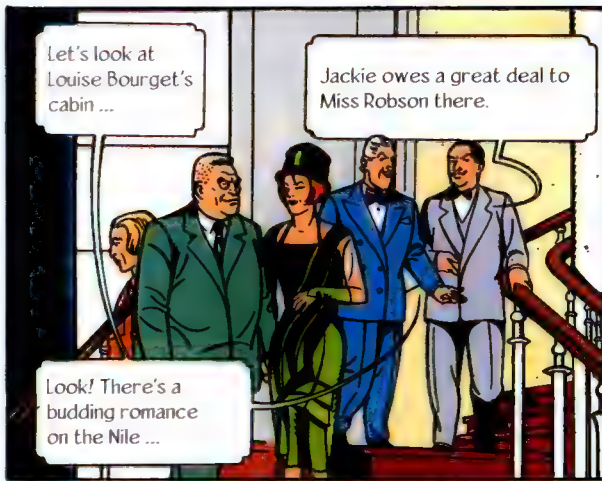


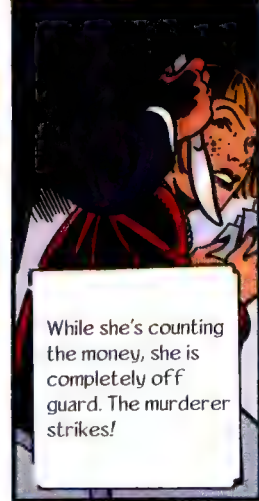
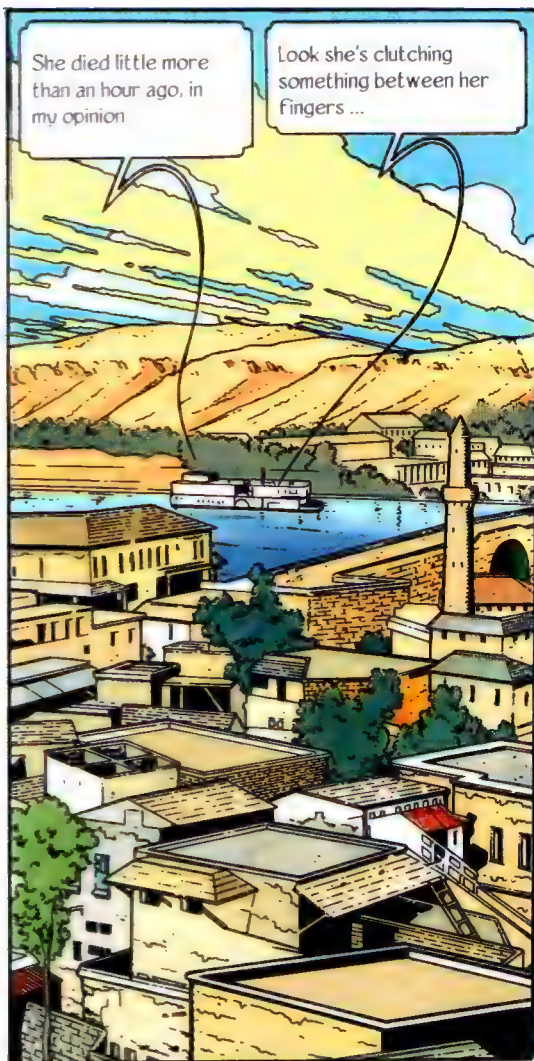
Or, if it was a woman, if only she had left behind a handkerchief, or her lipstick!

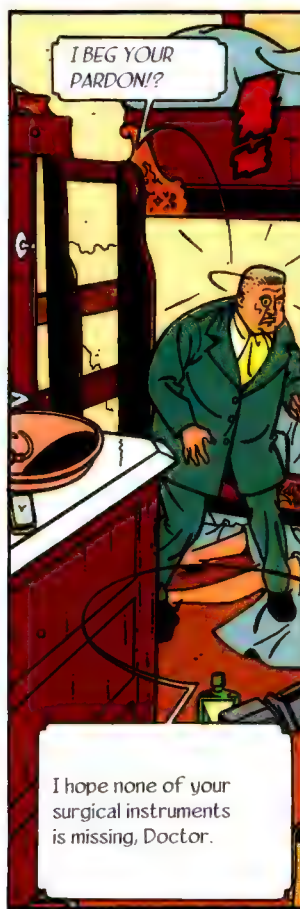
Or her bottle of nail polish ...



Well well! On ne prend pas les Mouches avec du vinaigre!

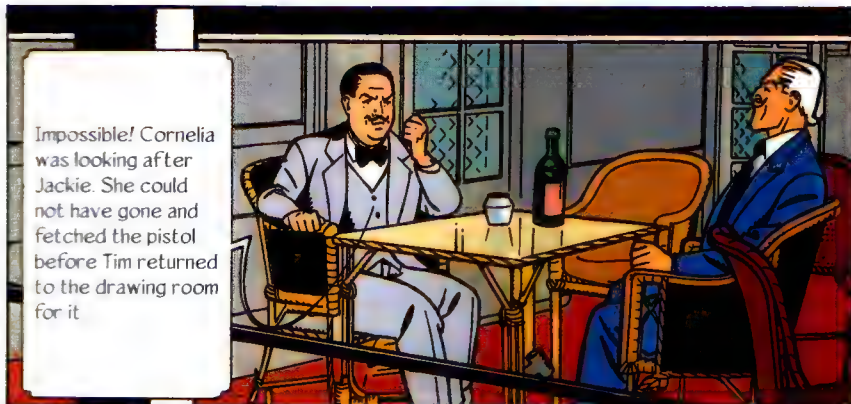








First: Cornelia Robson. Motive? Revenge. Her family was ruined by Linnet's father.



Impossible! Cornelia was looking after Jackie. She could not have gone and fetched the pistol before Tim returned to the drawing room for it



Second: Tim Allerton. If he is the thief, he could have substituted the necklace before Miss van Schuyler went to Linnet's cabin.

Mmm ... And van Schuyler did give us the exact time of her crime. She said it was ten past one when she "woke up".

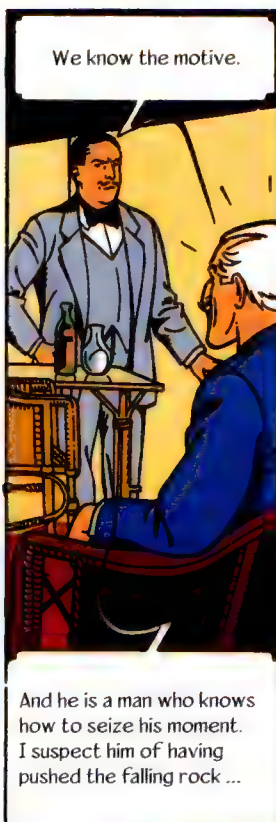


So perhaps it was Tim who took the weapon?



He could have taken advantage of the incident implicating Jackie. That's why he drew J on the wall. But why on earth should he throw the pistol into the water?

I come to Number 3: Pennington.

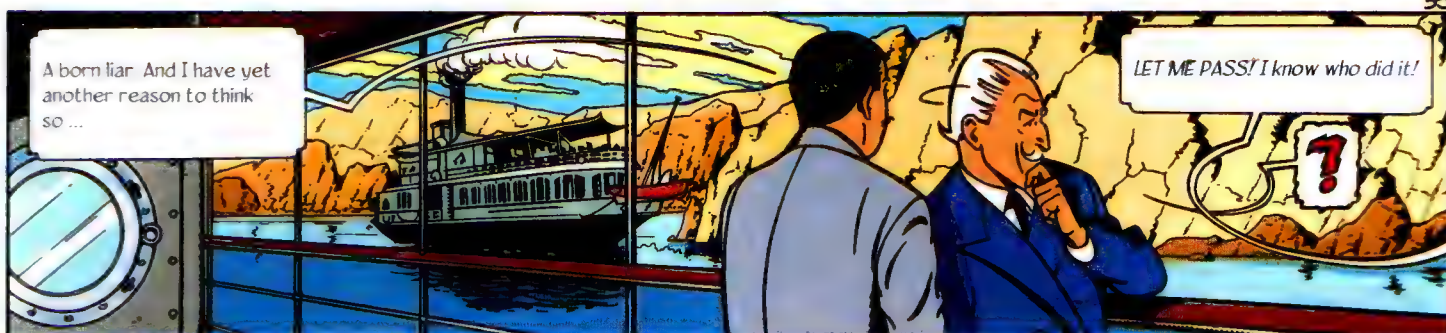


We know the motive.

And he is a man who knows how to seize his moment. I suspect him of having pushed the falling rock ...



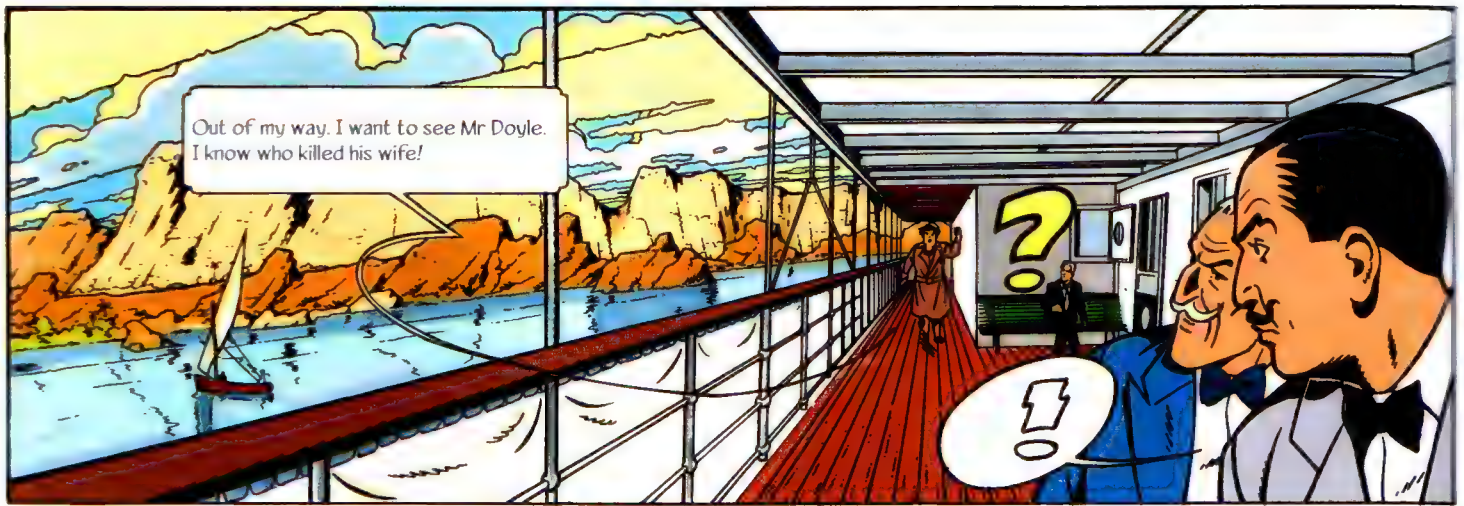
He gave himself away by claiming to be leaving the temple at the time.



A born liar. And I have yet another reason to think so ...

LET ME PASS! I know who did it!

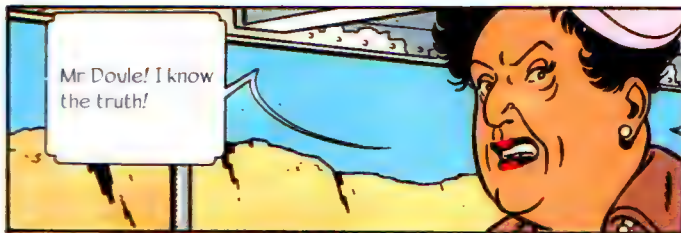
?



Out of my way. I want to see Mr Doyle.
I know who killed his wife!



AFTER HER!

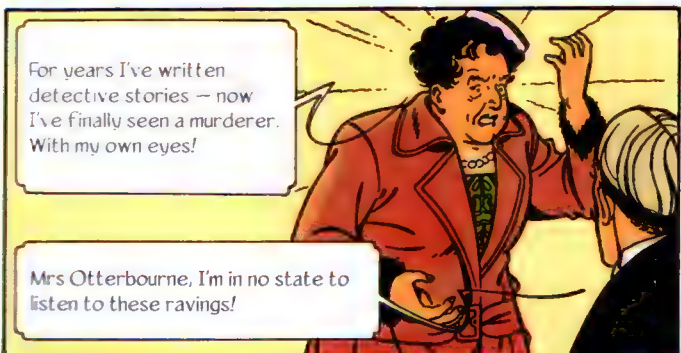


Mr Doyle! I know
the truth!



Mr Doyle! You will agree, will you not, that whoever killed Louise
Bourget also killed your wife?

But!!!



For years I've written
detective stories — now
I've finally seen a murderer.
With my own eyes!

Mrs Otterbourne, I'm in no state to
listen to these ravings!



Listen! When I was walking along
the deck, I saw Louise Bourget
stick her head out of her cabin.
She seemed to be expecting
someone ...



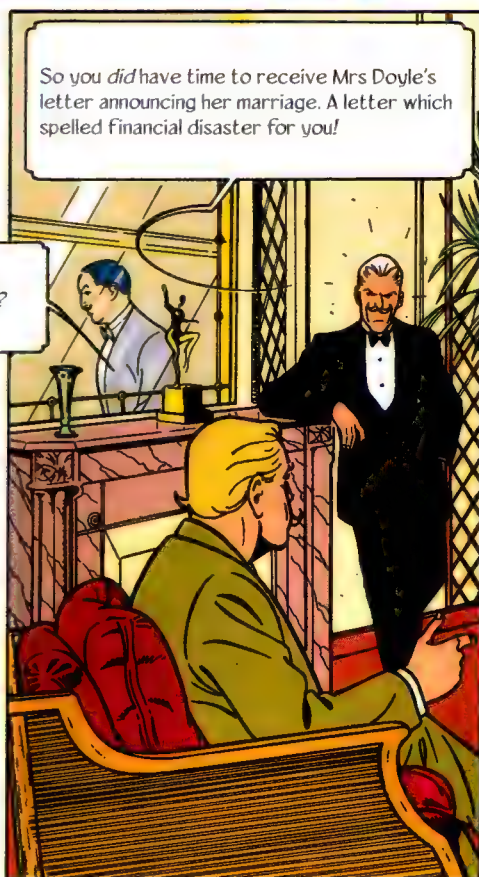
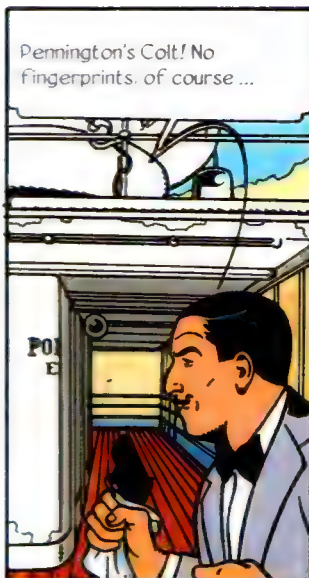
I continued on
my way, but when
I glanced back I
saw someone
entering the
chambermaid's
room ...

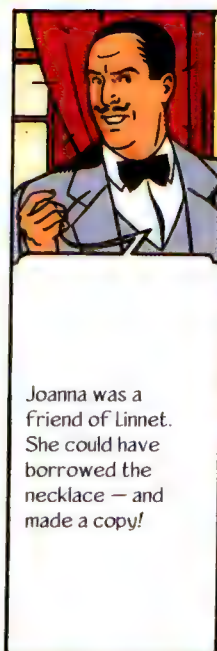
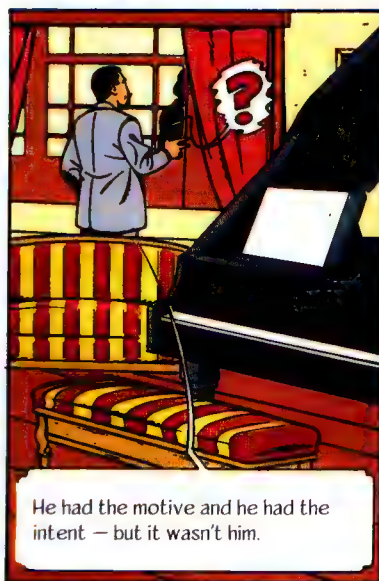
And that person?



BANG!
BANG!

UMFF ...





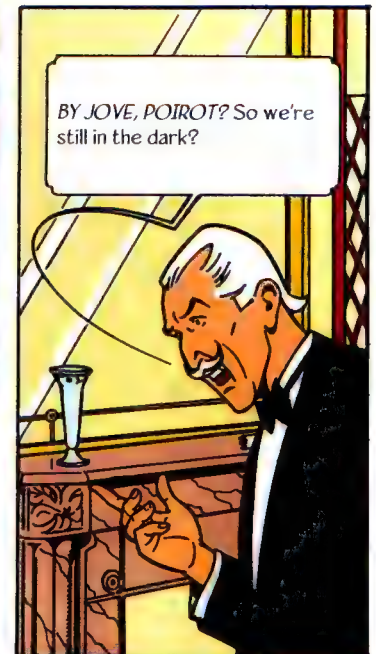


Consider this a lesson learnt, young man!

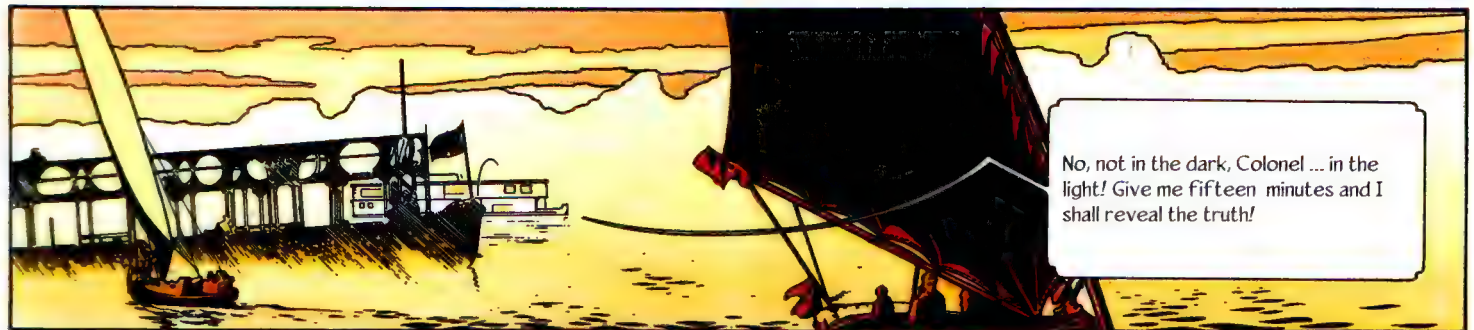


I'll return the pearls, Mr Poirot. I swear to you! But, great God, I'm not the murderer!

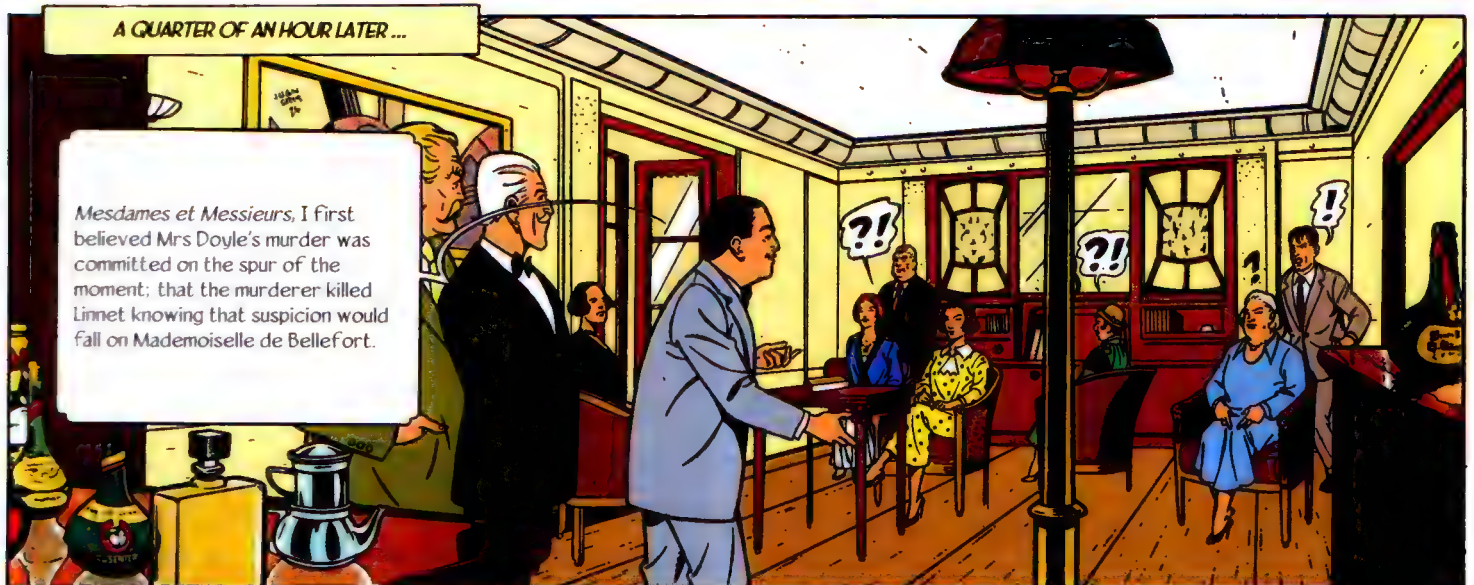
I know.



BY JOVE, POIROT? So we're still in the dark?

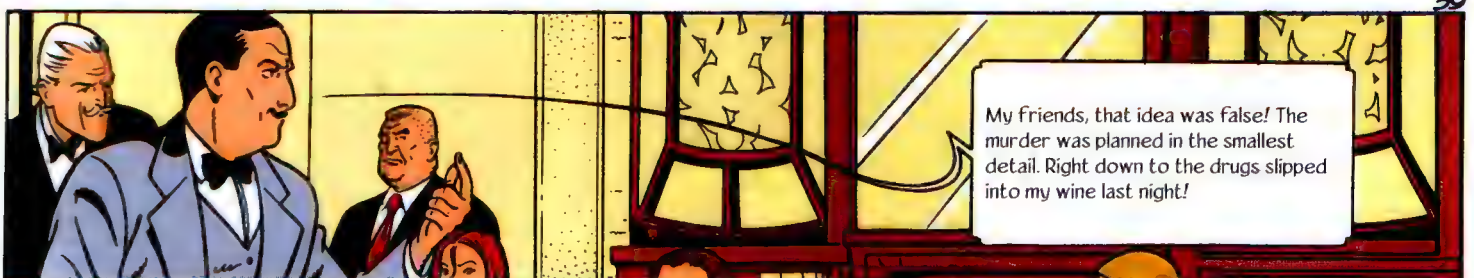


No, not in the dark, Colonel ... in the light! Give me fifteen minutes and I shall reveal the truth!

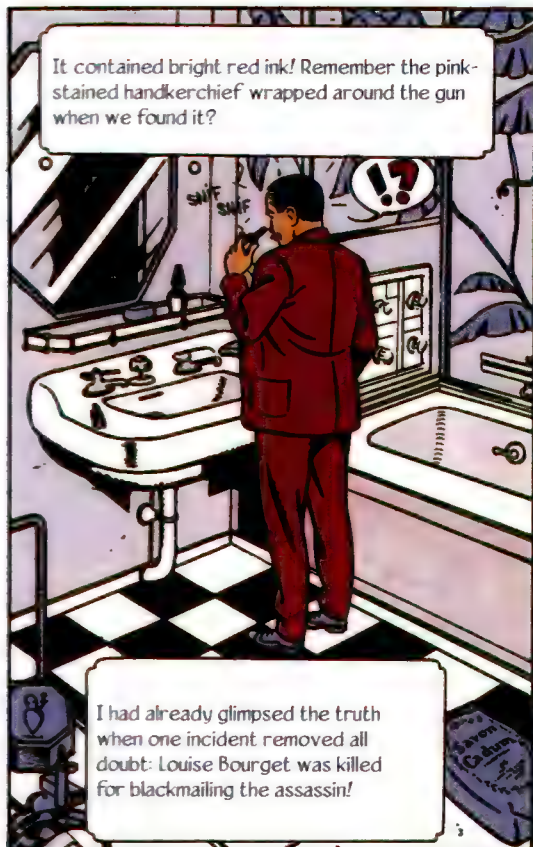
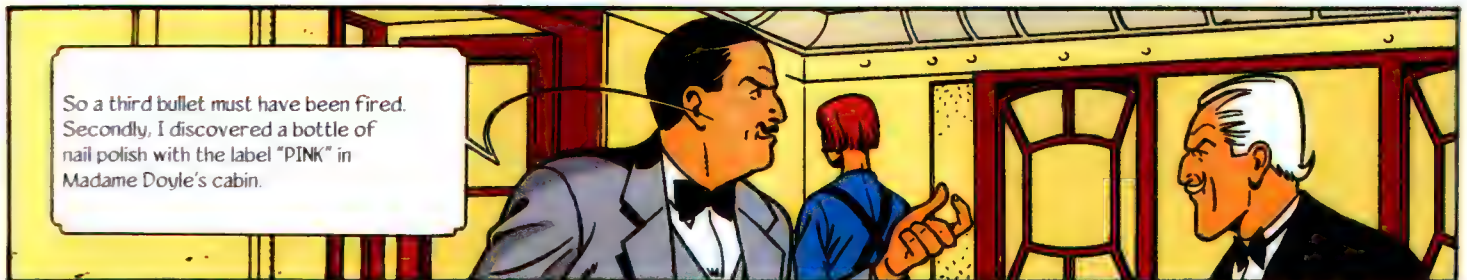
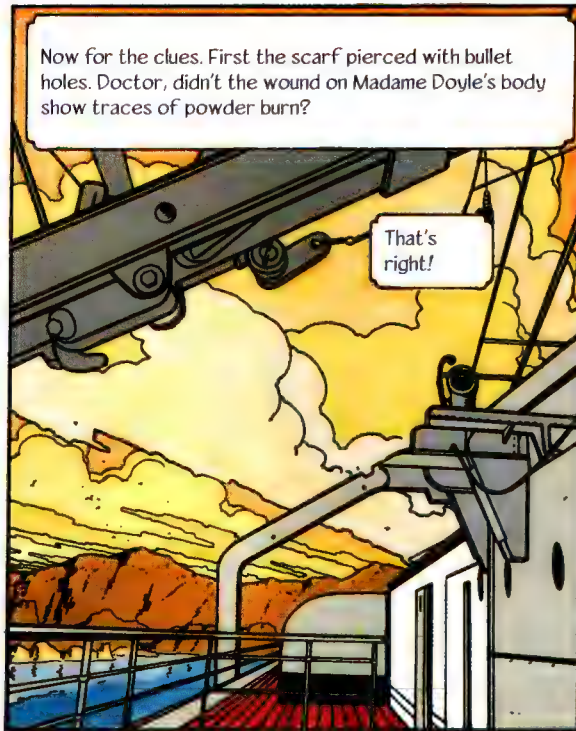


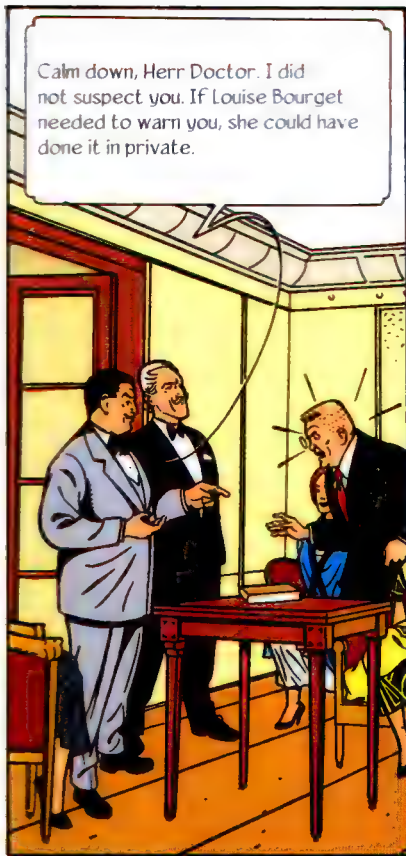
A QUARTER OF AN HOUR LATER ...

Mesdames et Messieurs, I first believed Mrs Doyle's murder was committed on the spur of the moment; that the murderer killed Linnet knowing that suspicion would fall on Mademoiselle de Bellefort.



My friends, that idea was false! The murder was planned in the smallest detail. Right down to the drugs slipped into my wine last night!





Calm down, Herr Doctor. I did not suspect you. If Louise Bourget needed to warn you, she could have done it in private.



But Simon Doyle, however, was under constant medical supervision. Colonel, remember you gave her the reply she wanted: "It's OK, I'll look after you!"

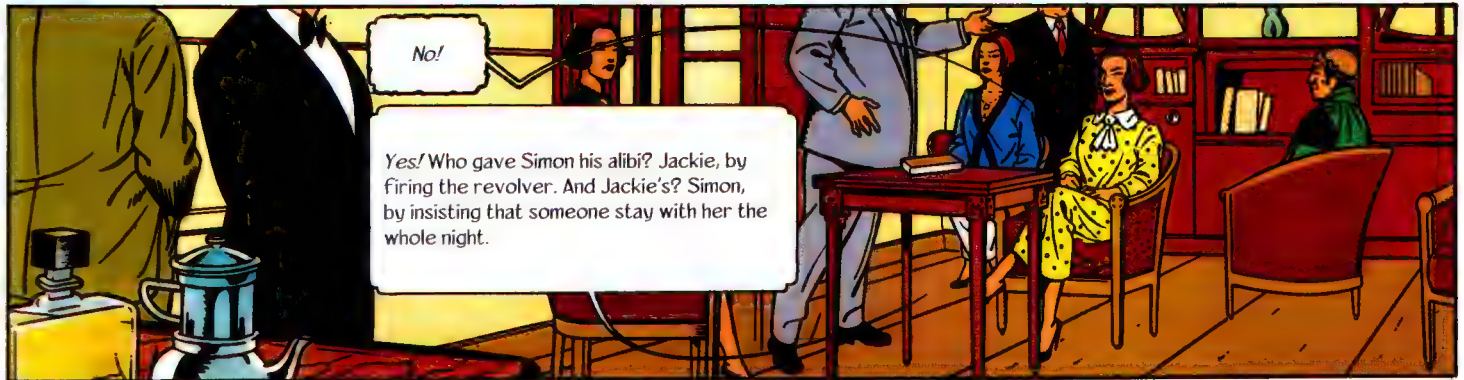


Absurd! A man with a broken leg could not have killed his wife and then her chambermaid!

He could warn his accomplice, Jackie!

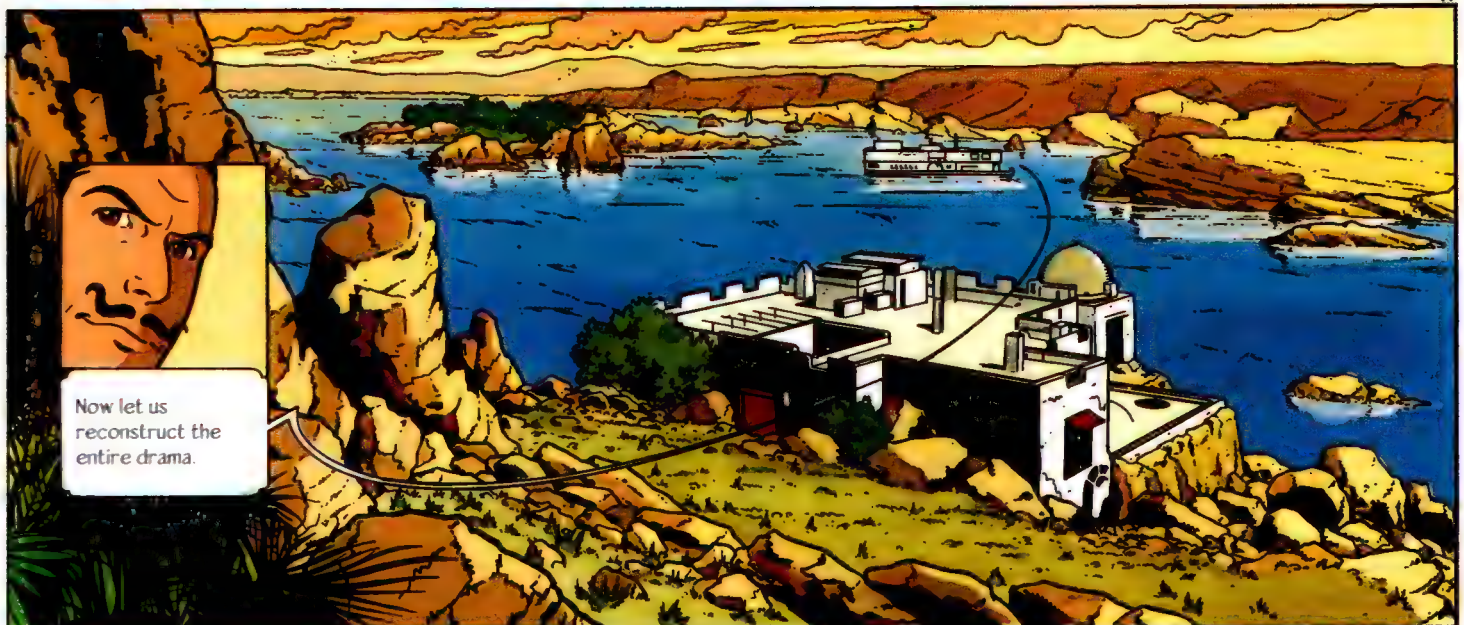


Simon wants to see me. He's forgiven me! You can't imagine how relieved I am!

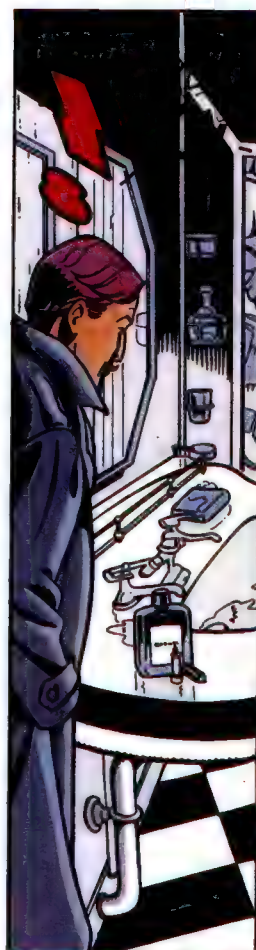
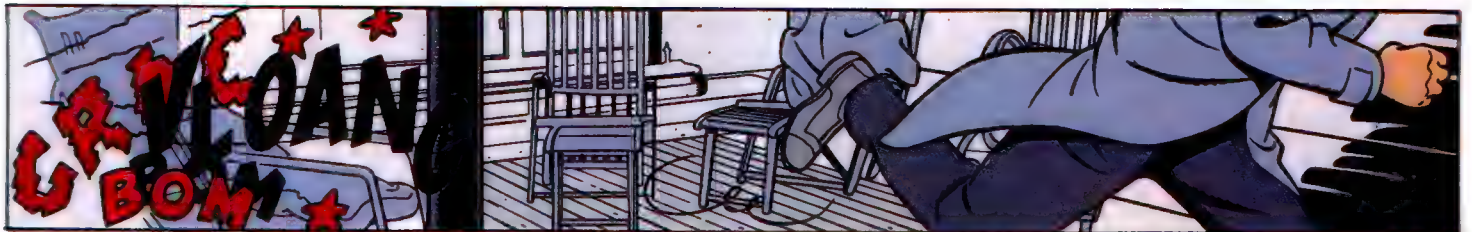
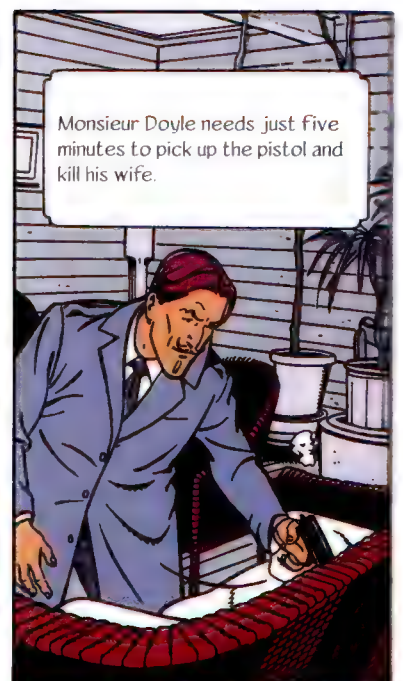
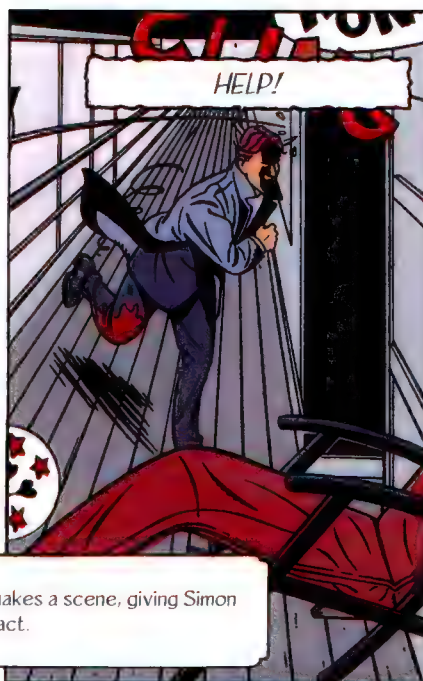


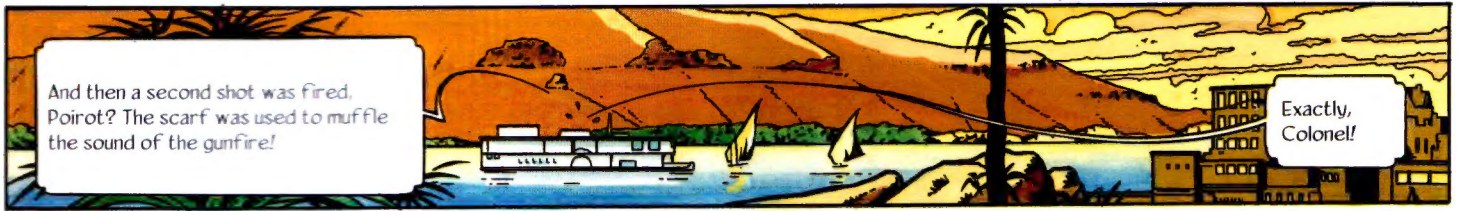
No!

Yes! Who gave Simon his alibi? Jackie, by firing the revolver. And Jackie's? Simon, by insisting that someone stay with her the whole night.



Now let us reconstruct the entire drama.



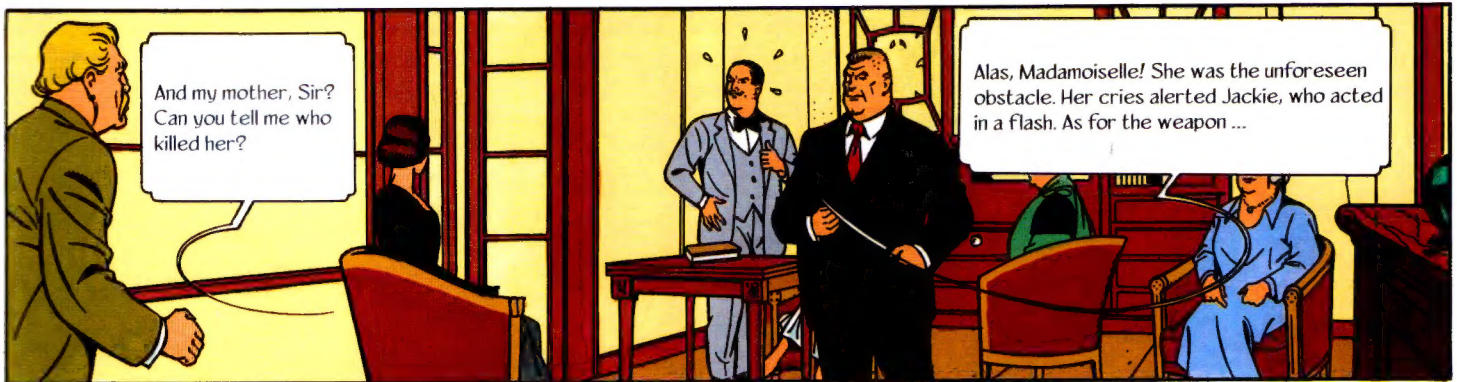


And then a second shot was fired, Poirot? The scarf was used to muffle the sound of the gunfire!

Exactly, Colonel!



Doyle forged a splendid alibi. This time, at real personal cost ...



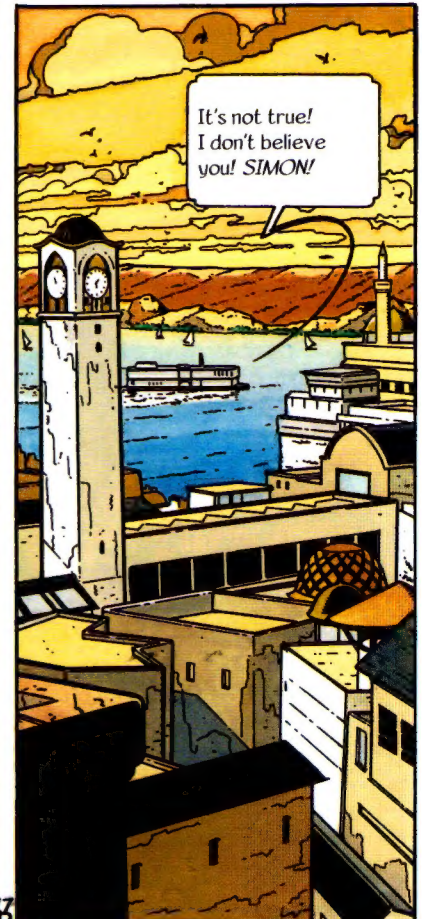
And my mother, Sir? Can you tell me who killed her?

Alas, Mademoiselle! She was the unforeseen obstacle. Her cries alerted Jackie, who acted in a flash. As for the weapon ...



Gott! It was I who foolishly told her that a Colt had been found in Mr Pennington's cabin!

She took a risk — but she had no choice!



It's not true! I don't believe you! SIMON!



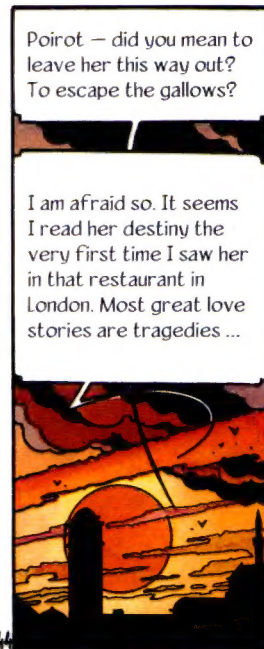
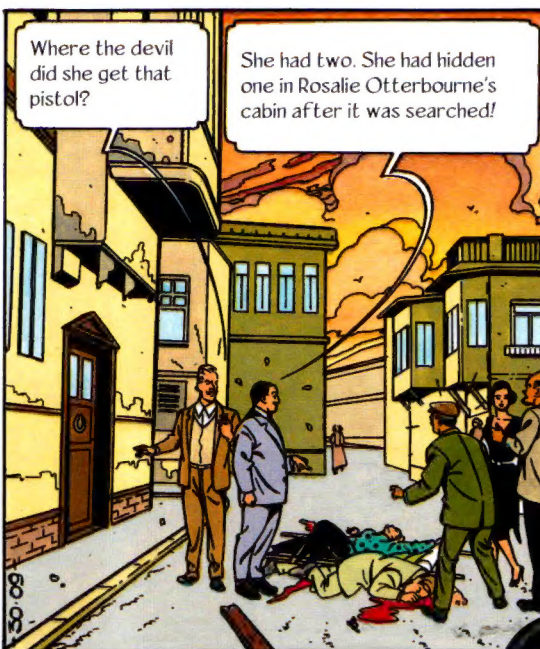
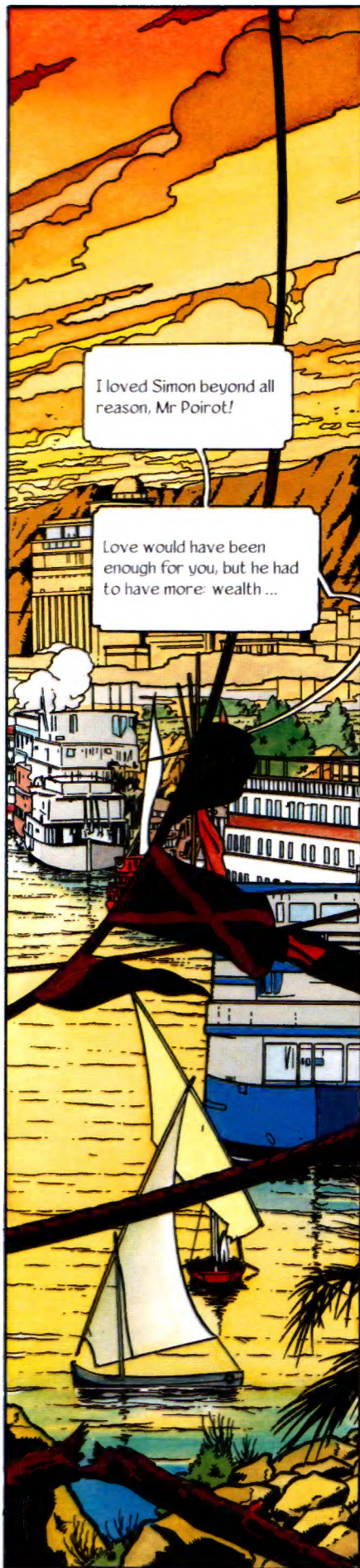
A good imagination, Mr Poirot, but it will never hold fast in front of a jury!

Tch ... Tch!



Mademoiselle, before gathering everyone here I revealed my suspicions to Monsieur Doyle. He admitted everything.

No! I don't believe you!





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